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WHAT MAKES A MAN?

BY J. C. M.

What makes a man? Not wealth, I'm sure,
Or high and noble station!
But a true worth, that will endure
The pride of all the nation!
No matter what the world may say
Of empty purse and coffers,
The man who lives upright each day
Is far above such scoffers.

What makes a man? A noble name,
And deeds that will not perish;
A soul that needs no earthly fame
But worth, all true hearts cherish.
He is a man who never gives
To others pain or sorrow,
But pure, and good, and patient, lives
The same to-day, to-morrow.

A GUILTLESS SIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV—(CONTINUED).

MEANWHILE, there was one person at Thrift House who could not sleep—Miss Larkins, the poor despised companion and drudge of its late mistress, now departed for that land where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

She paced the narrow confines of her chamber, battling with her selfish impulses, her love for Herbert, and the ambition to be his wife warred against the better impulses of her woman's nature.

"Why should I not seize the splendid opportunity?" she murmured. "Heaven knows I've had a hard life of it; cast upon the world friendless; deserted by the man who swore to love and cherish me. I found an asylum here, and have eaten the bitter bread of dependence."

She looked out of the window as the clock chimed the midnight hour and saw the figure of a man standing against a background of shrubs.

The moon shone full on him, and revealed to her a well known face—that of her husband who had deserted her years ago, and whom she thought dead. Over her ordinarily gentle face, that the world long ago had taken all expression of pride or hauteur out of, there came a look of deep hate which, like a black cloud mantling the heavens, took all shade of light and color from it.

"Curse the hound!" she thought; "has he tracked me here just at the very moment when fortune promises to smile upon me? I could shoot him dead with as little compunction as I would a mad dog."

He had been watching the house on the chance of catching sight of his wife—a very improbable one, it seemed to him—when she came to the open window, and in a moment the recognition was mutual.

He gave a low whistle to attract her attention, and then threw a handful of gravel at the window, which she had closed.

From a writing-desk she took out the savings of years, her watch and trinkets, saying bitterly to herself—

"He wants money; not me, the false-hearted hound. I'll get rid of him at any cost."

Hastily dressing herself, and putting a thick plaid shawl round her shoulders, she stole down stairs, and unbolting the back door, walked swiftly away from the house into the park, motioning him to follow, which he was only too pleased to do.

A thin shower of snow began to fall, its soft flakes dropping noiselessly on the ground like a hail of feathers, and the wind, full of biting frost, blew chill and cold, but in her heart was a fire of hate that kept her warm.

Suddenly she turned and confronted him, looking at him with a scorching glance of contempt, to which he replied with a low, reckless laugh—

"Aye, Polly, I am not the dandy I once was when I attended the races, and drove you down in a four-in-hand; hang it, don't turn up your nose at a fellow because he is poor and his clothes threadbare; all I want is a little money to set me on my legs again. Come, Polly, don't bear a grudge against a fellow on Christmas day; let's shake hands and be friends."

He held his out, but she refused to take it, with a gesture of contempt, saying—

"Christmas! what have you to do with peace and goodwill, Richard Granville—you who deserted me and left your only child to starve and die? Go, leave me in peace."

"I'm not such a fool as to do that; you have a snug billet here, whilst I am almost starving. No, no, dear wife; if you are ashamed of me I have my price—pay it, and I'm off."

"How did you trace me?" she asked, her woman's curiosity getting the better of her disgust.

"You send money to have the grave of our little one kept in repair. The sexton gave me your present address."

"And you could dare to stand beside that grave? Oh! why did not the earth open and swallow you up?"

"Come, you don't think that earthquakes happen just to suit you, do you?"

"Inhuman father! Four years ago, at Christmas, the little darling died in my arms, in the snow, with oh! such a sweet smile on her little pinched face. She's an angel now."

"I wish I was," he answered, with levity; "I'd be better off than I am now, or ever likely to be."

Then changing his mood, he added—

"Polly, you needn't believe me, but I cried as I stood at that little grave on which the snow lay. I loved the child; heaven knows I did! I was forced to fly to save myself from the inside of a prison. I have been to America, but my cursed ill luck followed me there. I returned to England, and have tramped and begged for a few pence to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Look at my clothes, thin and threadbare; how the biting wind blows through them. My boots hang together, that's all. Have you no touch of pity for your husband who was once a gentleman, but is now a beggar and an outcast? Give me another chance for the sake of our dead child. Take me back again, and we'll commence life afresh."

"Never! Richard Granville, so help me heaven! Never! If our child had lived I might, for her sake, have condoned the past. You left me penniless, although you had money enough and to spare for your own selfish needs."

"At least, give me some money. Polly, I beg of you to help me for the sake of Him who has taken our little one to Himself, and whose day this is; if not, I'll be found dead, and my death will lie at your door—it will be little short of murder."

"Murder," she gasped, as she thought of who lay still and quiet in one of yonder rooms; "no, no, not that—but what am I saying? Here, take all I have—my savings, these trinkets, and go back to America; anywhere, so that you never cross my path in life again."

His hand closed greedily on the gold pieces and all her stores of worldly wealth, and he would have thanked her if she had not glided over the snow, ghost like, and vanished into the house.

"By jove, I backed the right horse that time," he thought, as he stood counting the money by the pale light of the moon. "She's got some game on or she wouldn't have parted with all this lot in such a hurry; I know her temper too well for that. I'll stand aside and give her her hand—pretend I have gone abroad again, and when she's landed her fish, whoever or whatever it is, I'll step in and cry 'halves.'"

Soon all was still and silent. Richard Granville had gone his way, and his wretched wife was mercifully given oblivion in sleep.

CHAPTER V.

All was over—coroner's inquest and funeral—and Herbert D'Aguilar had come into his inheritance without a word of suspicion having been breathed against him. The empty phial was produced in Court, and the chemists, Messrs. Drugg and Bitters, made a most solemn asservation that it had contained nothing but harmless quinine, which deceased had been in the habit of taking weekly.

Herbert D'Aguilar, now that he was a wealthy man, owner of vast estates in houses and lands, was accommodated with a seat near the coroner.

Miss Larkins was the principal witness, because she had first discovered the death.

She had heard a cry in the midnight hour, when the Eve merged into Christmas, and rushing into the room found Mrs. D'Aguilar dead, and on the table the empty phial produced.

"The King is dead; long live the King!" was the cry that went up on all sides, for on the will being opened all her wealth, with the exception of a few legacies, went to her nephew, Herbert D'Aguilar, for whom, the document set out, she had held it in solemn trust from his uncle.

Herbert had not seen Estelle since the tragedy which had happened at Thrift House; but now he longed to do so, and asked her by note to meet him that evening in the park.

His once dark, curly hair, black as the raven's wing, was streaked with gray, especially at the temples, and his face looked a little worn and haggard, but in other respects he was his old self, his spirits having recovered themselves.

It was the day after the funeral when he wrote to Estelle Mordaunt, and he had a busy time of it, giving interviews to the family lawyers and others.

The servants all received a year's wages in lieu of a month's notice, as he meant to shut up Thrift House for a time and go abroad.

The interview he most feared was with Miss Larkins, and he put it off to the last moment; but it was inevitable, and towards evening he sent her a message, requesting her attendance in the library.

The massive oak furniture gleamed in the fire-light with a lustre all its own as he waited for her coming, with a feeling of aversion at his heart which he knew was unjust and undeserved.

She entered after knocking, and advanced towards him with outstretched hand, saying—

"Good evening, Mr. D'Aguilar. I hope you feel better."

He just touched the tips of her fingers in the most frigid way, and placing a chair for her, said—

"Please be seated, Miss Larkins."

Her silk dress rustled like the tail of a serpent, at least it appeared to do so to him, as she sank into the chair, her face pale, but full of the fire of resolution, her blue eyes sparkling like gems, and borrowing additional light from the glow of the coal fire in the wide grate.

"You have heard of my intention to go abroad?" he said, in a hesitating voice that grew firmer as he went on.

"Yes;" this coldly, and an icy shiver ran through his frame, because he perceived that she was prepared for war, not peace.

"You will receive two years' salary, Miss Larkins, in addition to five thousand pounds; are you satisfied?" he said, with an eagerness he vainly tried to suppress.

"You are very generous," she replied, quietly, "but I have a right to ask for more—not in a pecuniary sense, however."

"Pray explain yourself."

"I must be your wife, Herbert. Nothing else will satisfy me;" and throwing more passion into her voice she continued—"Oh, you know not how I love you—you were the one bright spot in my life for years, the bright sun of my existence, and now you ask me to leave you. I cannot, nay, will not. I mean to keep your secret, but only on my own conditions."

He was face to face with Nemesis, and he quailed before the god which he himself had created.

"Mary," he said, pleadingly, "do not ask such a sacrifice; I love another."

"And think you I shall willingly give you up to another?" she asked, somewhat fiercely, her eyes blazing with the fire of jealousy. "No; you must marry me!"

How he hated her, but he dared not show this in his manner, lest in an hour he should find the gyves on his wrists on the charge of murder.

"Be merciful, Mary; take ten thousand, but, oh! give me my liberty," he said, imploringly.

"What would money be to me without you? So much dross! I am a lady by birth and education, and fit to be your wife. Oh, Herbert! it is you who are cruel, unjust. You wish me to keep your secret, only that another may enjoy your love; to send me away from you when every pulse of my heart beats only for you—besides, you could never be happy with anyone else. Each day you would fear that by some mischance she might hear of your crime, and her love would turn to loathing!"

"Give me time to think," he said, with a low moan of anguish.

"None is needed, Herbert. Oh, my darling! you can be safe only with me. I am of a jealous nature, and despite my love for you, I might, nay, would, be tempted to give you up to justice if you married anyone else but me. I do not shrink from you." She was standing now, the tips of her fingers on the oak table, her face bent towards his. "One word from me and you would lose all: that other woman you say you love, your wealth and position amongst men—is my price too high, considering what you have at stake?"

"Give me till to-morrow," he pleaded, earnestly.

"No; you must decide now. You want to meet that other woman, to taste the sweets of her lips, to listen to words of love. No, Herbert D'Aguilar; much as it pains me to be firm, I must be your wife in one week's time. You must give me your solemn promise to that effect now, while I am with you."

"What if I refuse?" he asked, with some return of his old proud, haughty spirit. "Perhaps a prison and the gallows might be preferable to a loveless life passed with a woman, who, because she holds me in her power, chooses to force me to become her husband. Would you not be afraid of me?"

Yet, even while the words passed her

lips, she remembered the scene of overnight, and shuddered.

But she was none the less resolved to gain her point, thinking that her husband would never cross her path again.

"Take time; consider the position you would occupy as my wife. My hate would be yours to my dying day; you would be a wife in name only, for not even the dread of a felon's death would force me to show you any conjugal affection. On the other hand, you would be wealthy and could win some good man's love with whom you could be happy, leaving me to find a mate where I chose."

"No argument you can adduce could move me to alter my conditions—refuse them at your peril!"

She waited for his reply, but he was doggedly silent, a frown as black as Erebus on his brow and a bitter hate in his heart, such that, if she could have realized its intensity, must have made her shrink from the thought of marrying him.

"It is to be war, then," she said, icily.

"Stop!" he cried, jumping to his feet, his face convulsed with passion. "I will marry you, demon that you are, but, by the heavens above us, not one word of love, not a single caress shall be yours, you will be as death to me as if the grave had closed you; night and day my hate for you shall increase, because when you could have spared me you would not—you break the bruised reed and quench the smoking flax, and this is love; faugh! how could love co-exist with such cruelty?"

"Just as much as it could link itself with a criminal," she said, with biting irony in her finely modulated voice. "At heart I am gentle; but beware how you put my hate to the test; you may find that I, too, can pay back blow for blow."

This was their wooing on the New Year's Eve when old Father Time had renewed his youth, and another year being added to the present.

"Herbert," she said, softly, as she turned to go.

No answer; his face was turned away from her and his lips were curling with scorn and contempt.

"Herbert; at least let us be friends. I will be a true wife to you, so help me heaven! will wait on you like any slave, be as faithful as any dog; your enemies will be mine; I——"

She laid her hand tenderly on his shoulder, but he shook it off fiercely, saying—

"Don't you see how you torture me—go!"

Had he spoken kindly to her, or appealed to her again to have pity on him and Estelle, she might have relented and spared him and herself years of misery; but a woman scorned is always the same—implacable, ready to retaliate, a very fiend for the moment. So it came to pass that the golden gates of mercy were shut for him, and she resolved to keep him to his word and be his wife.

"Curse you!" he hissed, as the hem of her robe disappeared. "You would rob me of what to me is dearer than life—my love—the woman for whose sake I sinned. I would willingly change places with the meanest creature on God's earth to be free from crime."

He sat on in the library, waiting for the hour at which he had asked Estelle to meet him; but she came what was he to say to her; how could he find comfort in her sweet society; how exchange kisses or look into her love-laden eyes, when he meant to marry another. He looked upon the unholy compact which Mary had forced upon him as binding as the grave, which never loosens its victims from its cold grasp till the resurrection tromp frees them and they live again.

He took out a photograph of Estelle and looked at it, with tears in his eyes, and with a trembling voice said—

"My love, my own, queen of my heart, how can I give you up? Oh, God! spare me this cruel blow; take away from me all I have, but leave me her."

And great sobs shook his breast, and the strong man, whose nerves were of iron, sobbed like a child and bent his head before this storm of grief like a bullrush.

Conscience, that monitor which only a long career of vice or crime can sear or hush, whispered—

"You did not spare her whose bread you ate, and who was to you as a mother whatever else her faults were."

And he, perforce; was fain to acknowledge the justice of his punishment, although it was almost more than he could bear unless his heart became humbled in the sight of heaven.

CHAPTER VI.

NEW YEAR'S EVE, cold, but bright, with the stars twinkling in the silent heavens, and with snow and frost still retaining their hold upon the earth, over which the wind sighed mournfully, as if sad for the departed joys of summer.

Herbert stole out to keep his tryst, casting wary glances around to see that Nemesis, in the shape of Mary Larkins, was not watching him, to denounce him as a murderer to the woman he loved, and whom he saw standing in the snow waiting for him.

His mind was so harassed and unhinged by the terrible scenes he had passed through, that he did not see how wrong it was for him to have asked Estelle to keep tryst at such an hour and at such a spot—she a delicate woman—when he could have gone to her home and met her.

Only one short week ago he would have flown to her side, his feet wringed with love's speed. Now they seem to drag and halt by the wayside, as if the mere act of volition was painful to him.

"Herbert, my darling, I have come to comfort you in person," she said, as she pressed forward to kiss him.

"Estelle, no; you must not do that. Your kisses are no longer for me, though I hunger for them as the thirsty hart does for the water brook. My poor Estelle! my own lost love!" he said so hoarsely and with eyes that looked at her so strangely, that she thought sudden joy in having come into his inheritance had turned his brain.

"Herbert, dear, Herbert, what ails you?" she asked, in a tender, soothing voice, that brought the brain of comfort to his lacerated heart. "You send for me. See, I am here. There is no obstacle now to our happiness."

"No obstacle! Oh, God! Estelle, you little know what bars our path, and coward that I am, I dare not tell you!" This as he clasped his clammy forehead, which was dank with the dews of a broken heart.

"Herbert, you are suffering from the shock of your aunt's death, she said, sadly, "you—"

"Do not mock me, Estelle! Nothing can ever cure it—her death. Oh, God! how I hated her and wished her to die! Do you remember that November evening when I told you I could sell my soul to possess you? Some fiend must have heard me, and brought it to pass! I am lost, lost! Go, leave me; think kindly of the man who once loved you, and do not judge me too harshly, or think me perfidious."

"Herbert, you cannot be serious! Oh! what is this? How have I offended you? Is this kind? Speak to me, or my heart will break!" she cried, clinging to his arm and trying to look into his half-averted face, down which bitter tears were rolling, each drop scorching his soul with anguish born of despair.

"Estelle, I can never be anything to you but a friend. When death claims me, all my wealth will be yours. Marry some man who is worthy of you. I am not. Good-bye for ever, dear lost love! Oh, God! why, oh! why do you punish me thus?"

"I will not give you up, Herbert, for I love you with my whole heart and soul—almost better than my God! Your mind is unhinged, darling, you want rest to restore its proper balance. Kiss me: let me throw my arms around you as a shield; lay your dear head on my heart, and comfort and joy will creep into yours. Oh, Herbert, do not repulse me like that!"

So great was her emotion at his seeming cruelty, that she reeled and tottered and fell senseless on the snow, where she lay looking like a crushed lily, her lovely face, oh! so pale, and two pearly drops oozing through her long, dark lashes, which lay like silken fringe on her cheeks.

"I have killed her!" he cried, as he raised her in his arms and bore her into the library, where Mary Larkins was, having brought him some tea, in the hope of having a kind word from him in return.

"Herbert, what is it? what has happened?" she asked, as she hastened to his side.

Laying his lovely burden on the couch, he turned on Mary, and hissed forth—

"Curse you, this is your work! This is the woman I love; can you compare with her? Look at her; she is my heart's best treasure, and yet you, whom I hate and detest, would rob me of her!"

"Are you mad, Herbert D'Aguilar?" she said sternly. "Go, leave her to me; she has only fainted."

"Do not touch her, or I may be tempted to kill you!" he said hoarsely, "your touch would be poison to her!"

Bending forward, Mary Larkins hissed in his ear—

"Just as your mixture was to your aunt! Go, or you will tempt me to denounce you to her when she awakes. I am your master, and you know it! Do you hear—go!" and she pointed imperiously to the door.

Her passionate threat cowed him, just as, in the theory of medicine, like is said to cure like; and he obeyed her, with a sense of stupefaction creeping over him like that which steals over the tiger's victim when the monster shakes him in its strong jaws.

There was the glimmer of a protest in his mind against her exercise of tyrannical power, but he dared not disobey the woman who had proclaimed herself his master, and who, from the once gentle, timid woman, had been transformed into a virago.

"My first victory over his obstinate will," Mary murmured, as she bent over the unconscious Estelle, whose breathing showed that she was winning her way back to life.

"She is very lovely," she murmured, "this rival of mine. How I hate her! I cannot help hating her—I, who have loved him in secret for three long, weary years and more." Then she added fiercely—

"Let her suffer even as I have suffered! Why should I spare her and him—he who is so bitter towards me? I could free him with a word, and make his heart dance with joy—and would have done so to-day if he had been kind to me. Now it is too late. I will show him what a woman scorned can be. He cursed me; let him beware lest his curses should place the hangman's noose around his neck!"

In common charity she busied herself in restoring her rival to consciousness, and when her veined lids unclosed and her dark lustrous eyes looked into Mary's face, she shuddered because in it she saw an expression of hate.

"Where am I? Who are you?" she asked. "Where is Herbert?"

"If you mean Mr. D'Aguilar, he has left you in my charge," she replied, coldly. "Are you better, Miss Mordaunt?"

Mary had seen her on that November night when she came in with him, and had overheard the introduction to Mrs. D'Aguilar; hence her knowledge of her rival's name.

"Yes," she said, rising to her feet without assistance, "I will go now, thank you."

"The carriage is ready, shall I ring for it?"

"No, thank you, I prefer walking. Good evening."

And Estelle, whose pride now came to her aid and made her strong enough to despise assistance, walked with dignity to the door and out of the house, inwardly vowing never to hold converse with her perjured lover or correspond with him until he had made her an ample apology for his cruel treatment.

"He was sane enough to leave me in her charge," she murmured bitterly, as she walked home through the snow. "That woman is connected with the change which has come over him, but I will show him that a Mordaunt can veil her suffering under a proud exterior. Some day he will sue to me in vain."

She little knew how he was watching her from a point of vantage, hungering to hear the sound of her musical voice once more, thirsting for one more kiss to cool his fevered lips.

But he had met his master in Mary Larkins, and he dared not venture out to bid Estelle good-bye, because he was living under the shadow of the gallow's tree, and his future wife could make of the shadow a terrible reality—a substance that meant a felon's death.

CHAPTER VII.

MEANWHILE there was one person who was not satisfied with the verdict of the coroner's jury, and that was the niece of the dead woman—the Miss Murray, who had come to spend Christmas with her aunt.

She was a suspicious person and of a prying nature, just the one not to accept so-called facts because others believed them to be such.

"It's very strange!" she murmured, as she sat in the drawing-room alone the morning after Herbert's distressing interview with Estelle. "My aunt had no presentiment that her death would be sudden, but always boasted she would live to be a centenarian. Why does Mr. D'Aguilar avoid me? I've seen him turn pale and start when I've spoken to him. I wonder whether there has been foul play?"

With her to wonder was to act, and she resolved to keep a close watch on Mr. D'Aguilar's movements, for his manner was of a kind to create grave suspicion. Not only was he now in the habit of starting at every sound, but he studiously avoided being in the dark and long before the blinking wintry sun had sunk in the misty scudding clouds of the west, would have numerous candles lit, in addition to the usual gas so that his particular apartment was one blaze of light.

In addition to these strange habits for a young man—Miss Murray had cleverly ascertained that they were not normal to him from the servants—he held long interviews with Miss Larkins, who, from being humble, as was her wont, became a person of great importance in the household, every question being referred to her.

"In my aunt's lifetime," mused Miss Murray, "Mary Larkins was submissive enough and hardly dared speak above her breath in my presence; now she almost snubs me, and has more than once hinted that it was time I left Thrift House; I, who was to have been Herbert D'Aguilar's wife and her heiress; for failing obedience to his aunt's wishes, the vast property would have to come to me."

Herein lay the sting of the whole thing. He seemed anything but inclined to carry out Mrs. D'Aguilar's wish; and far from showing her—Miss Murray—any favor, treated her with no consideration whatever, hardly deigning to talk to her at all, much less to speak of love and affection.

It was Herbert D'Aguilar's misfortune to be loved by three women—Estelle Mordaunt, Mary Larkins, and that other bony, angular woman—the very prototype of her aunt, that sat on in the drawing-room, musing in anything but an amiable mood.

Suddenly the door was thrown open and in bounced Sally Pepper, one of the housemaids, her face was aflame with anger, and her hands working nervously, as if she felt very much inclined to scratch somebody.

"Miss Murray," she cried, "where is master? I won't stand it any longer; ordered about and scolded by a thing like her. I only stopped to oblige him. I wish now I had gone when the other servants did."

"Come here, Sally," said Miss Murray, assuming for the nonce a suavity quite foreign to her nature. "What is the matter, child; you look angry?"

"Angry isn't the word; I'm right down boiling over with rage. There—she's a dog and no better than she ought to be! Pretty goings on indeed in the house, so soon after mistress's funeral."

And the girl stamped her foot as if to emphasize her vindictive feelings.

"Calm yourself, Pepper; take a seat; have some wine. My poor aunt always had a high opinion of you and I liked you very much. What are these goings on you speak of?" asked Miss Murray, eyeing the girl nervously, as she drank the wine at a gulp and nearly choked herself.

"I'm sure she'll be the death of me!" gasped Pepper. "Ugh! how I hate her."

"She was humble enough once, eh, Pepper?" remarked her interlocutor, as she twirled her thumbs, a habit of hers when exercised in thought.

"Aye, that she was. Master Herbert is spoiling her—that's what it is. She meets him at night in the library when she thinks everybody's in bed. I tried to listen once through the keyhole, but, lor' bless you, it was no use," said Pepper, seating herself in an uncomfortable fashion on the very verge of a chair.

"There can be no occasion for that now. What do you say, Pepper?"

"Occasion! why certainly not. Wait till I leave her; I'll let my tongue wag a bit—see if I don't."

"Quite right, child. In my aunt's time, Thrift House was a model of propriety, where any respectable servant could stay; but have you any idea why it is Mr. D'Aguilar has taken such a violent fancy to Miss Larkins?"

"Not for her looks, goodness knows," said Pepper, with a snarl, and contemptuous toss of her large head; "but there's no accounting for tastes, is there, Miss?"

"No. Did you notice anything peculiar in their conduct to each other during your late mistress's lifetime?" asked Miss Murray, as she considerately poured out another glass of wine for Pepper's delectation.

"Them as is sly don't do things before sharp eyes;" answered Pepper, with a little satirical laugh. "Mrs. D'Aguilar was not the lady to permit anything wrong. Oh dear, no! She caught my hair in curl-papers once, my goodness, didn't she go on just. I think that the cat I mean Larkins, not your aunt, was spoons on Master Herbert. I've heard her sigh; and once when they didn't know I was listening, I heard something."

"indeed! what was it, Pepper? Anything relating to my aunt?", asked Miss Murray, showing her eagerness in her

stern wiry voice, although she tried to speak with a show of indifference.

"Mistress was angry with him for keeping company with a young lady, a regular swell, one of the Mordaunts, of Mordaunt House," said Pepper.

"Yes, but what had that to do with Larkins; it would appear as if he did not care for her at that time?"

"I am getting at something now," was her mental addendum; "whatever is between the two has happened since my aunt's death."

"There's such a thing as having two strings to one's bow, Miss; your aunt was very angry with him for bringing Miss Mordaunt here in November last. It was raining and he wanted the carriage to drive her home, but she wouldn't hear of it; there was a regular scene when he came back, and that night, as your poor dear aunt was going to bed, she stops at his door and says,—'mind, not a penny of my money will I leave you unless you give up that stuck-up hussy.

"Yes, yes; but I want you to tell me what you heard pass between Larkins and Mr. D'Aguilar. I hope you haven't forgotten it, child?"

"Me forget anything, catch me; but that is nice sherry wine, Miss; it's made me feel better already. I think I could drink just one more glass," said Pepper, eyeing the decanter lovingly.

Miss Murray's answer was to pour her out the coveted glass, heartily wishing that she was not so loquacious and would come to the point.

Conjecturing that no more of the wine would fall to her share, Pepper sipped from her glass, and sat a little farther back in the chair.

"It happened like this, Miss. I was passing Mr. Herbert's door and heard him say (Miss Murray was all ears now), dear Miss Larkins, would you do me a favor?"

At this point Sally Pepper sipped her wine and enjoyed keeping her superior waiting, for she perceived that Miss Murray was more than anxious to hear what she had to tell, and it was not often that she, Sally, had such an opportunity of sitting tete-a-tete with a person in Miss Murray's position of life.

If Miss Murray had not been in quest of information that would implicate Larkins and D'Aguilar in her aunt's untimely demise, she assuredly would have boxed the poor abigail's ears for daring to take such a liberty in her presence as to sip her wine like a lady of quality, instead of gulping it down like a common person.

"You're a good girl, Pepper," she said, with a look of acerbity enough to turn vinegar sour. "Of course I don't want to know anything you may have heard out of mere curiosity. My poor aunt's death was so awfully sudden that I more than suspect foul play."

"No!" exclaimed Pepper, almost dropping the glass in her astonishment, "do you think Larkins is in it, I'd swear till I was black in the face against her, the stuck-up hussy!"

Taking out her silk net purse, Miss Murray said—

"Here's a sovereign to buy ribbons, and so forth; now don't be afraid to speak the truth; I'll protect you against Larkins' malice. What happened at that interview?"

"Where was I, Miss, oh; I recollect, he said, 'dear Miss Larkins, would you do me a favor?' then they kissed each other, leastways it sounded like it, and she said something soft and low, just like a cat does when it purrs, and what do you think he wanted her to do?"

"To procure some poison, perhaps!" said Miss Murray, eagerly, thinking she had hit upon the right answer to Pepper's query.

"No; he wanted her to see that no letters left the house without his first seeing of them; wasn't that wicked, Miss Murray?"

"Not worse than your conduct in not acquainting your mistress of their conduct, Pepper," said Miss Murray, angrily, "Please let me see that sovereign, I think it has a hole in it?"

The unsuspecting Pepper gave it up, when Miss Murray put it in her purse, saying sharply—

"Leave the room, Pepper; you've drunk too much wine; how dare you say you had important information, and take money for it. I've a good mind to box your ears, you impudent jade."

If the earth had opened at her feet to swallow her up, Pepper could not have been more dismayed at this sudden turn of events, and rising she slunk out of the room, feeling that there were worse people in the world than even Miss Larkins.

"That will keep her tongue quiet," muttered Miss Murray, "her information was valuable, but I wouldn't let her think so; everything tends to confirm my worst suspicions; Larkins and he are in it; he could well act generously in settling a handsome annuity upon me, when he and his paramour murdered my poor aunt between them. Pepper says they meet every night in the library. I'll be there on the next occasion; they'll be sure to talk of their guilty conduct, then I'll confront them, and the law will avenge the wrong they have done me."

She was about to retire to her bedchamber there to think this weighty matter over, when the door opened, and Mary Larkins entered, a frown of anger on her pale face.

"To what am I indebted for this interview, Larkins?" said Miss Murray, icily; "in my aunt's lifetime you would never dare to enter without first knocking."

"Your reign is over, Miss Murray," said Larkins, with a spiteful inflexion of voice. "Please address me properly in future, or as long as you remain here, otherwise I shall be compelled to ask you to shorten your stay."

"How grand we are getting!" sneered Miss Murray. "Perhaps you forget that I am Mr. D'Aguilar's guest, not yours; he shall know of your conduct; I'll have you dismissed on the spot."

Rising, she rang the bell, violently, and when Pepper answered it, said—

"Tell Mr. D'Aguilar, with my compliments, that I wish to speak with him, here, and at once."

"Good lor'," said Pepper to herself, "there's a pretty shindy coming off: Larkins has been giving her toke; what a lark, I'll listen, won't it be fun. Nasty cats, both of them; I hope he'll give it them warm, hot and strong."

Unsuspicious of the storm that was brewing, for there was nothing in Pepper's manner to indicate the nature of the message she delivered, Herbert D'Aguilar, pale, careworn, haggered, his eyes almost sunk into his head, with deep black rims underlying them, walked wearily to the drawing-room, as if his feet were heavy as lead, just as his heart was, for his crime had taken all the sunshine out of his life, and left him, of all men, most miserable.

When he entered, Miss Murray said—

"Mr. D'Aguilar, this menial has grossly insulted me, and has dared to order me to quit Thrift House. As your guest I ask for reparation at your hands, nothing less than her instant dismissal will satify me."

Mary Larkins laughed ironically, and seating herself at the piano, played, "O dear, what can the matter be," looking with insulting defiance at the enraged niece of her late and very detested mistress.

"Miss Murray," said D'Aguilar, wearily, "I am sorry if you have been annoyed, but Miss Larkins is not my servant to dismiss."

"Indeed!" sneered Miss Murray, "if not your menial, then pray what is she. Surely you would not install her as your——"

"Wife!" interrupted Mary Larkins. "Spare your insults, Miss Murray; I am Herbert D'Aguilar's wife, and as mistress of Thrift House, I am quite within my rights when I tell you, you have overstayed your welcome."

"This confirms my suspicions," thought Miss Murray; "he would not have married her unless under great pressure."

All the gentleman flamed up into Herbert D'Aguilar's heart, as he said—

"Mrs. D'Aguilar, if you are mistress here, recollect I am master; Miss Murray, unless it suits her convenience to leave, can remain here as long as she pleases."

"Thanks, I have seen enough to convince me that no relative or friend of my late aunt is welcome here. Shame on you, Herbert D'Aguilar, you who lived on the bounty of your uncle's wife, who would have starved only for her, to treat me in this fashion. Mary Larkins, your wife, faugh! I am glad to wipe the dust off my feet as a testimony against you both. I have never been comfortable here since my aunt died; there's a scent of murder in the atmosphere!"

And as she said this, she glared at D'Aguilar, whose face assumed the color of death, while his faded eyes fell underneath hers.

"Does she suspect anything?" thought Mrs. D'Aguilar. "How I hate her; she made me feel my position when she was in power. I'll defy her."

Taking Miss Murray by the shoulder, she fairly pushed her out of the room, saying—

"You pauper, depending now on the bounty of my husband, you lying Jezebel, how dare you speak of murder; go, or I'll get my servant to put you out."

"You and he will be sorry for this," cried Miss Murray, fiercely. "I do say my poor aunt was murdered, and I'll prove it yet!"

Luckily for Pepper, who had been listening at the keyhole, and heard all that passed, she was just in time to rush into an adjoining room, or her detection must have taken place.

"Murder!" she gasped, with a shudder, "I thought the place was haunted; I'll not stay here another night, I'm afraid of ghosts that pull the bed-clothes off you, and beckon you to go with them!"

When husband and wife were alone, he said bitterly—

"What have you done?"

"Saved you from destruction," she answered, with quite energy. "She is like her aunt, auspicious—auspicion amounts to less than nothing! We can defy her!"

Despite his aversion to this woman with the pale resolute face, he could not help admiring her courage and holding up his hand, said—

"I am grateful, Mary, for your kindness, but life is so unbearable that I could willingly give myself——"

She placed her hand over his mouth, saying sternly, in a suppressed tone—

"Don't be a fool; she is listening at the keyhole, no doubt."

Miss Murray was as good as her word, and succeeded through her solicitor in obtaining an order from the Home Secretary for the exhumation of the body, but no traces of poison were discovered.

This fact, however, bought no comfort to Herbert D'Aguilar's heart, who was aware of the action of the drugs, which left no trace of its deadly work behind.

Shortly after this untoward event, he and his wife went abroad, and in a month or so the matter which had caused a stir, was forgotten.

Meanwhile, Richard Granville lived the life of a gentleman, and seemed to be in funds, judging by his dress, and the way in which he turned his money about.

On Whit Monday he was at Hampton enjoying the refreshing spectacle presented by the crowds of holiday folk, who on river and land did their best to get enjoyment out of every thing, when he fell across Sally Pepper. He had only seen her when he was prowling about Thrift House, and was glad at the rencontre, especially as she might be able to give him information about the movements of his wife, whose marriage with D'Aguilar had not yet reached his ears.

"Good-day, young lady," he said, raising his faultless Paris hat, politely, "hope you are enjoying yourself?"

"You have the advantage of me, sir," she said, with an admiring glance at his faultless attire, diamond studs and massive albert.

However, he soon convinced her that he had really seen her elsewhere before, and in half an-hour, to use a common expression, they were as thick as thieves, she enjoying sherry and lemonade, he imbibing brandy and soda, and smoking a cigar of the choicest brand.

He wormed out of Pepper all she knew and inwardly chuckled at the news of Mary Larkins' marriage, out of which he hoped to make a nice thing. "She'll be a bank-book to me," he thought, "by Jove! things are looking up, Dick Granville, if you can only manage to escape that little affair at Blackheath, you'll be a nob again, keep your dog-cart and do the heavy swell."

He was very kind to Pepper, who was in the seventh heaven of delight, and accepted presents of cheap jewelry, gingerbread cakes, and had unlimited rides on donkeys and in steam round-abouts.

She was feeding the swans and giggling at some joke he was telling her, when a gentlemanly-looking man placed his hand on Granville's shoulder, saying—

"Dick Granville, you're wanted!"

Quick as thought, Granville grappled with and threw the detective, much to Pepper's alarm, who shrieked her loudest.

Then commenced a most exciting chase, in which the men of the crowd joined, the universal cry being—"Stop thief."

Luck was against Granville on this occasion, and in favor of Mrs. D'Aguilar, nee Mary Larkins, for he was convicted of burglary and sentenced to a long term of penal servitude.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DISGUSTED LAWYER.—"What makes you look so disgusted, Sharp?" asked one young lawyer of another, the other day. "Why, you know that old skinflint Jones, don't you?" "The millionaire?" Yes." "Well, he died yesterday, without making a will, and here are half the lawyers in town starving to death. His heirs will probably get every farthing."

Bric-a-Brac.

MR. SHARP.—Assistants in English drapers' shops use the phrase "Two upon ten"—or "Two pounds ten"—meaning two eyes upon ten fingers, when a customer is suspected of larceny; or the shop-walker asks, in a voice that may be generally heard, "Has Mr. Sharp arrived?"—to which the assistants behind the counter reply, "We are expecting him, sir."

ORIGIN OF QUARANTINE.—The word Quarantine, which is now of significant meaning, comes from the Italian, Quarantina. The Monkish or the late Latin term was applied by the Anglo-Saxons about Egbert's time. It was then the custom to compute periods of time by forties, and a vessel coming from a suspected or diseased port was prohibited any intercourse with shore for forty days. Others say that the Venetians first introduced the practice and the name.

TRAVELING STONES.—The curious "traveling stones" of Australia are paralleled in Nevada. They are described as being perfectly round, about as large as a walnut and of an ivory nature. When distributed on any smooth surface within two or three feet of each other they immediately commence traveling toward each other, and meet at a common centre, and there lie huddled in a bunch like eggs in a nest. It is needless to say that they are largely composed of magnetic iron ore.

DOCTOR'S BILLS.—When a Japanese calls in a physician he does not expect that he will be presented a bill for medical services. In fact, no such thing as a doctor's bill is know in Japan although nearly all the other modern practices are invogue there. The strict honesty of the people does not make this necessary. When he is through with a patient a present is made of whatever sum the patient or his friends may deem to be just compensation. The doctor is supposed to smile, take the fee, bow and thank his patron.

HENRY IV.—On August 25, 1792, the equestrian statue of Henry IV, on the Pont Neuf, Paris, was pulled down to make cannon for the revolutionists. It was replaced in 1818, under the Restoration, the bronze from a colossal statue of Napoleon I. having been used in the casting. It is said that the sculptor Lemot, indignant at this insult to the memory of the Great Emperor, inclosed a statuette of Napoleon in one of the legs of the horse. French patriotism has found expression in so many curious ways that such a story is not incredible.

THE SIAMESE WAY.—In Siam, as soon as a man falls into a debt, his creditor can seize his person, put him in chains if necessary, and keep him as a slave for the term of his natural life. The man's labor pays only the interest of the debt, however small a sum it may be; and his sole chance of recovering his freedom is if a friend or relative pays the original sum. Should the debtor run away, his wife and children, his father, or other relatives are liable to be seized. The ordinary reply made by a servant on being engaged is that, if he proves unfaithful, you may take his wife, children and house.

LUCKY FRIDAY.—The notion that Friday is an unlucky day is the worst nonsense that ever entered the human head. In Chicago there are half a dozen families of Fridays, who have as good luck as any other people, and in early American history the day was peculiarly lucky. Columbus sailed on Friday, August 21. On Friday, October 12, he discovered land; on Friday, January 4, he started home to Spain; on Friday, March 15, he reached Palos. In 1493 he discovered Hispaniola on his second voyage on Friday, November 23, and on Friday he discovered the continent. Any other country's history will show as many lucky as unlucky Friday, "what's in a name?"

WONDERFUL SPIDERS OF LA PLATA.—In a chapter on spiders mention is being made of the many strange and wonderful features known in connection with them. Some spin a wonderful complex and beautiful web; some live on or in the ground; many simulate inanimate objects or death itself. Of two species belonging to the same genus, one is green, while another is like a withered or dried-up leaf. The first, when disturbed, falls rapidly to the ground like a fresh green leaf broken off twig, but the second falls slowly, like a very light, dried and withered leaf. Some of the spiders are very large, and will chase a man from 30 to 40 yards, keeping pace with a slow trotting horse. An instance is related where one ran up the lash of the author's riding whip to within three or four inches of his hand, and would have bitten him had he not thrown the whip away.

BEAUTY'S DOWER.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

Fairer than the fairest,
  Praise how can I sing—
Rarer than the rarest,
  What can bring?

Peerless as an angel,
  Thus you seem to be,
Like some high evangel
  Unto me—

Sweeter than all flowers
  Of the Summer land,
Lovelier than bowers
  Zephyr-fanned.

Fresher than green meadows
  By pale cowslips starred,
Softer than those shadows
  Sunbeam-barred.

Brighter than the brightest
  Star in midnight heaven,
Whiter than the whitest
  Snowflake driven.

Purer than the lily
  Opening to the air,
Calmer than the stilly
  Waters fair.

Lake, or star, or flower,
  You are still above—
So I bring for dower
  Only love!

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," "HUSHED UP," "GWEN DALE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII—(CONTINUED).

IT WAS a miserable day; every twig of every leafless tree dripped with moisture. On the soaking yellowish grass lay a silvery veil of damp; a dense white fog obscured the uplands; overhead the sky showed one dreamy stretch of dirty gray, unrelieved by a single cloud. Every now and then a Scotch mist commenced to fall, bedewing the window panes with tiny beads of moisture, and producing an indescribable raw chilliness in the atmosphere that made itself felt in spite of blazing fires and warm draperies.

Involuntarily Seldon shivered and glanced round to see that the grate at the other end of the room was well replenished. In doing so, his eyes rested again upon the figure of the secretary, and it struck him suddenly that somehow her position seemed rather a forlorn one in that great house. Staid, dowdy, and constrained as she might be, she was yet but a girl, after all, too good for the servants' hall, and not good enough, he supposed, for the drawing-room.

Now why did not some of those smart feather-headed young women down-stairs, with nothing in the world to do, come and talk to her a little sometimes and cheer her up a bit, poor soul? Polly Carstairs, for instance. She was kind-hearted, or he used to think so, and once or twice he had fancied that she was inclined to listen favorably to any suggestion of his, although he always told her the truth and never flattered her as others did. He might speak to Polly about it; but then, if he joined that expedition to the interior of Africa, there would be no opportunity.

In the meantime there could be no doubt that the secretary needed cheering badly enough. She had actually left off writing, little dreaming that she was being observed, and sat with her head resting on her hand. It was a pretty little hand, Seldon remarked to himself—rather too thin, perhaps, but white and long-fingered, with blue veins showing through the transparent looking skin. Her profile was pretty too, when one came to look at it. Generally her face was bent so low over her endless copying that nothing but that carefully plastered down black hair was to be seen; but now, watching her cautiously sideways, he could see that she had delicate small features, a charming outline of cheek, chin, and throat, an ear—no, that was hidden entirely by the dense black braids brought low down on each side of the face in the ugly fashion of years gone by.

It was inconceivable that any woman under sixty should adhere to such a style of hair dressing. Sibyl's random shot, Miss Hayward wore a wig, returned with startling force to Dick's mind as he looked at her; and probably his prolonged gaze had the effect of making her turn sharply round and blush crimson on finding her companion's penetrating eyes fixed mercilessly on her face.

"I was thinking. Sir Geoffrey has made a long quotation here from Lyell, and I cannot find the passage. I wonder if it is an error of his, or if I have overlooked it," she remarked rather confusedly, beginning to turn over the leaves of a book near her.

Seldon rose at once, and, approaching the writing-table; looked over her shoulder. A slight smile crossed his face as he did so.

"Section ten, page one hundred and two. That's all right enough," he said, glancing from the open volume to the written sheet she was copying, "only you happen to be looking at Murchison instead of Lyell. Let's see if I can't find it"—picking up the work in question and turning its pages, with a view to giving her an opportunity of recovering herself. "You seem to have nearly accomplished your task," he continued, after a few minutes' silence, during which Miss Hayward scribbled away at lightning speed, as though anxious to make up for lost time. "Sir Geoffrey must be very pleased to find his wonderful book so near completion."

"Yes," she answered rather hesitatingly. There was such an audible tone of regret in her low voice that Seldon felt impelled to say more.

"I should think you were thankful to get rid of such a dry uninteresting subject, to say nothing of deciphering the gentleman's hieroglyphics and setting him right whenever he makes a mistake," he remarked laughingly.

The secretary laughed too, but faintly.

"Oh, I do not mind it very much; and, to tell you the truth, I am very sorry my work here is so nearly over!" she replied earnestly. "It has not taken so long as I thought it would; indeed I should have finished copying the MSS. before this; but since Sir Geoffrey has got me to read the morning papers to him, and play a game of chess every evening before he dresses for dinner, I have not had quite so much time for writing."

"Of course not. I should fancy he would miss your good offices pretty considerably. I have never seen the old fellow so well satisfied with any one as he is with you," answered Seldon heartily, seeing that the girl was sadly downcast, and good-naturedly anxious to cheer her. "He said as much to me the other day, and, as you are no doubt aware by this time, praise from Sir Geoffrey is about as rare as the dodo or any other extinct animal. A fine life he led all your predecessors, I can tell you. Why, they quaked in their shoes at the very mention of his name!"

Miss Hayward smiled rather sadly.

"Poor old man! I dare say a good deal of the fault lay on their side. In spite of his hasty temper, I think Sir Geoffrey is very kind-hearted," she answered. "You don't know how happy it makes me to think that he likes me, and that I have been a little useful to him! I wish——"

She paused a minute; then clasped her slight hands together as though nerving herself for an unusual effort, and looked up suddenly into her companion's face. It struck him at once what a peculiar slaty blue her eyes were, and how oddly they contrasted with the jet black heavily marked eyebrows above them.

"Mr. Seldon," she said, "I do not know why I think so, but I am almost sure you are to be trusted. I want you to tell me—and, oh, never let any one know I asked you such a question—but I have no one—and—it is so hard!"

Her voice trembled excessively; she seemed on the verge of tears. Dick put his hands into his pockets and, with a man's constitutional horror of a scene, wished himself transported to the interior of Africa on the spot; but his fears were needless. Miss Hayward went on quite steadily.

"I believe it is no secret that Sir Geoffrey wishes his nephew Captain Tresham to marry Miss Carstairs. I want you to tell me honestly if you think she—she cares for him; if she is only amusing herself by encouraging his attentions, or if she would accept him should he ask her to be—to be his wife?"

Seldon stared at the speaker in helpless amazement. To hear the question that had been uppermost in his mind for the past eighteen months suddenly put into words by somebody else, to whom the answer was evidently of as vital importance as it was to himself, absolutely took his breath away.

When he was able to speak, he answered the secretary's query with another.

"What do you know of Tresham?" he asked abruptly.

She grew crimson beneath his searching gaze.

"I knew him well—once," she began faltering; then raised her head and spoke with a certain quiet dignity that surprised him. "Your question is a very natural one, but I do not want to be led into making any admissions, true or false, sir," she said steadily. "All I hoped to do, through you, was to warn Miss Carstairs that Captain Tresham's attentions to herself are never likely to become more definite than they are at present; that circumstances, for which he is not wholly to blame, have placed him in an entirely false position towards her, and that the easiest mode of extrication for herself, as well as the kindest thing to him, would be to discourage those attentions so decidedly as to render them actually impossible. If Miss Carstairs is a friend, if she is only an acquaintance of years, surely you might contrive to do this without offending her."

Seldon shook his head.

"Even if I were inclined to lend myself to anything mysterious or not strictly straightforward, which I am not," he said coldly, "you could hardly have applied to a worse person than myself to interfere between Tresham and the lady you mention. There was a time"—with some bitterness—"when I had a faint idea that she set some value on my good opinion, but recent circumstances have changed my views on that subject entirely, and, had I the will, I have no power to act in the matter just now. A letter I have just received summons me to town this afternoon, cutting my visit here unexpectedly short. In a month or two I shall probably leave England for an indefinite period. If——"

He broke off abruptly, attracted by the soft opening of the library door. Polly appeared on the threshold, hesitated, half drew back, then, apparently thinking better of it, walked boldly into the room.

Its two occupants, drawn close together in their earnest converse, started hurriedly apart. Miss Hayward resumed her copying with suspicious energy, and Seldon, inwardly anathematising the folly of women, and raging at being caught in what he felt was an equivocal position, muttered something inaudible, and made a hasty attempt at an exit.

But Polly Carstairs had no intention of letting him escape so easily.

"Don't go!" she said, stretching out her strong handsome white hand and laying it lightly upon his arm. "Just wait five minutes, won't you? I'm sure you're in a rage with me, but I've come up here on purpose to make friends." It was astonishing how soft her voice could be on occasion. "And see here"—flourishing a large sheet of paper covered with writing under his nose—"this is a corrected list of our tableaux, you know"—with a queer little smile. "They are fixed for Thursday night, and I want Miss Hayward to make a good copy of my scrawl, so that we can send it up to London at once, and have a few dozen printed programmes struck off. There's time to catch this post if we send a groom into Brierly with it before one o'clock, isn't there?"

"Yes; or, better still, I can take the letter up with me; I shall be starting by the two o'clock express," replied Dick stiffly, moving so as to avoid Polly's detaining touch with a roll me tangere air that made him look supremely ridiculous if he had only known it. "You're just in time to congratulate me on a piece of good fortune, Miss Carstairs. Moberly has knocked his idea of an expedition into the interior of South Africa into shape at last, and we are to start as soon as the party can be properly organized. Unluckily it cuts my visit here rather short, but that is quite unavoidable, for I must see the chief without loss of time. I was just hurrying off to make my apologies to Sir Geoffrey and Miss Tresham. Any commands in town?"

"N-n-o—yes," stammered his listener nervously. Her vivid complexion varied from deep-red to dead-white with curious rapidity, and she glanced up into Seldon's face with a startled grieved look quite foreign to the usual expression of her saucy dark eyes. "You'll—you'll find it rather—er—hot in South Africa, won't you?" she remarked in a hushed breathless tone, after a momentary pause.

"Well, yes; I suppose it will be rather warm," replied Dick airily; "but after all not much worse than a London ball-room. You must think of me, Miss Carstairs, knee deep in the sand of the desert, cutting steaks from a lion I have just killed, and cooking them in the heat of the sun, surrounded by a crowd of grinning natives. I may even be driven to making myself a coat of its skin if my wardrobe gives out unexpectedly in the wilds."

"But isn't it rather dangerous in those savage countries? People get murdered out there sometimes, you know," suggested Polly timidly.

"So they do in Whitechapel," answered Seldon, smiling. "A man can die but once, after all. I might break my neck out hunting if I stayed at home, and it isn't as though there was any one in the world to care whether I leave my bones to enrich foreign soil, or have them deposited with due solemnity in the family mausoleum at home. I suppose we shall meet at luncheon later on."

He turned away and walked determinedly out of the room as he spoke, giving Miss Carstairs no opportunity of making any rejoinder.

Dead silence reigned in the library when he was gone, broken only by the crackling of the wood fire in the large grate and the rapid scratch of the secretary's indefatigable pen.

Polly remained standing motionless for a minute or two where he had left her, then with a slow lagging step—very unlike her usual decided tread—she crossed the room and seated herself in the chair opposite to the davenport which he had lately occupied. Presently a sound of suppressed sobbing proceeded from this retired corner.

Miss Hayward's writing ceased instantly. She raised her head. Her companion had her face buried in her hands and was bending over the desk; her shapely shoulders rose and fell with a convulsive motion that left no doubt that their owner must be crying bitterly. The other woman sat still as a statue, hardly breathing, her eyes fixed upon the bowed figure.

By-and-by, finding the sobs still continued, she rose noiselessly from her place, and, approaching Miss Carstairs, laid her hand gently upon her arm.

"Can I get you anything, or do anything for you?" she asked. "I am afraid you are feeling ill."

"No, I'm not—only mis—miserable," announced Polly between her sobs. "I'm a perfect goose, I know"—with a hysterical laugh, which however immediately ended in tears again—"and I'm sure I can't imagine what you must think of me, behaving like this, before a perfect stranger too; but the t—truth is, I've put Mr. Seldon out over a stupid tableau that I was going to act in with Captain Tresham, and I was sorry afterwards and came up here to make friends; and now"—in a broken voice—"he is going, and he'll n-n-never know I have given up being R-Rosalind because I thought he did not approve of it." And here, being totally unaccustomed to controlling herself, or commanding her feelings in the least degree, Miss Carstairs gave way to a fresh burst of tears and rocked herself backwards and forwards in a paroxysm of distress.

The secretary smiled in spite of herself.

"Never mind; don't cry so," she said soothingly. "If you do, and make your eyelids so red, you won't be able to go down to luncheon, where you are sure to see Mr. Seldon. You might have a chance of speaking to him again then, and——"

She paused and hesitated a little; then, finding Polly did not speak, she added timidly—

"Do you think—I hope you won't consider me very bold in asking such a question—that the gentleman you spoke of just now, Captain Tresham, has anything to do with Mr. Seldon's leaving here so suddenly?"

"Why, of course he has!" replied her listener despairingly. "Lance Tresham has been paying me attentions in a vague sort of way for the past eighteen months, and Sir Geoffrey is dying for me to marry his nephew."

"Yes; and you yourself—you cannot decide which?" Miss Hayward's voice faltered; but Polly was far too much engrossed in her own woes to notice it.

"Not decide which?" she repeated in a contemptuous tone. "Why, I would not marry Tresham if he went on his knees to me every day for a week! Not I! Only, when one man is a vain donkey and the other a great goose, afraid to look at one for fear it should be said he wanted one's money, what is to be done? I've been trying to make Dick Seldon jealous by flirting with Tresham, and this"—with a dismal sound between a sob and a groan—"is what it has all come to!"

"Oh, but there is still time to remedy matters!" exclaimed the secretary in a voice of suppressed excitement.

She was stooping over Miss Carstairs, trying to replace some of the various tortoiseshell, spikes and daggers sticking out in all directions from the heiress's dishevelled locks, but her fingers shook so

terribly that she could not accomplish her task.

"You will surely never let Mr. Seldon go without a word? It would be so cruel, and, as you said yourself, Africa is so far away. If you cannot speak, you might write."

She paused, breathless with agitation.

"Write?" repeated Miss Carstairs musingly. "Well, yes; I suppose I might. People would say I'd proposed to him; but, after all, if I'm fond of him and he is fond of me, what does it matter?"

"No, indeed; what does it matter?" said Cecily.

The secretary's emotion was so manifest that Polly stared at her in genuine amazement.

"Why, one would think you really cared!" she exclaimed. "Rather different from all those spiteful creatures down stairs, who would only be too glad if I was annoyed or disappointed in any way. Well, you've been awfully kind and comforted me a lot, and I sha'n't forget it," she continued heartily, bestowing a sounding kiss upon the secretary's cold white cheek. "You must come and stay with me when I'm married, you know, and—oh, if you'll excuse my mentioning it, why don't you do your hair some other way? You'd be quite a pretty woman if——"

But, before she could complete her sentence, her companion shrank away from her and resumed her ordinary stiff cold demeanor.

"I am not in a position to follow the fashions," she said in a reserved chilling tone; and, gathering up some of her books and papers, she glided from the room, leaving Polly slightly crestfallen.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIR GEOFFREY TRESHAM sat in his office in deep meditation.

It was a small square room situated in the basement just at the entrance to the long bricked passage leading to the servants' quarters, panelled from floor to ceiling in light oak, the floor covered with a cork carpet in squares of brown and yellow, and boasting no furniture but a high office-desk, a large round-backed Windsor arm-chair for Geoffrey's own particular use, and two ordinary chairs of the same pattern.

In this abode of justice the master of Tresham Park was in the habit of receiving rents, holding audience with his steward, settling disputes between refractory tenants, and occasionally adjudicating on the crimes of sundry small urchins given to the practice of apple-stealing and stone-throwing, who, having been caught red-handed by the policeman, were dragged by him into the Baronet's dread presence to receive sentence for their offences. No such momentous questions however were absorbing Sir Geoffrey's attention just now.

He was alone and unoccupied—strangely so for him, for he was a busy man; busy about trifles certainly very often, but still too active-minded naturally to remain long idle, as a rule.

But, at the present moment, he was actually doing nothing but leaning back in his capacious chair, absently watching the bright flames dancing in the polished steel grate, which was the one ornament the room contained, and folding and refolding a little note that he held in his hands without looking at it.

The time was afternoon; dusk, indeed, had already fallen, and the yet undrawn window-curtains showed a dim gray square from which the winter daylight had for some time faded. Seen by the flickering firelight, Sir Geoffrey's face appeared sterner and more severe than usual.

His erratic moods following so quickly one upon another made his expression a constantly changing one. If he looked like a thunder-cloud one minute, he was sunny and genial as a summer's day the next. But, on this particular occasion, there was a settled gravity in his demeanor that showed that his train of thought was a serious one; and, when at length he reached out his hand to touch the knob of an electric bell that was one of his last scientific crazes, and of which a considerable number had lately been distributed all over the house at no trifling outlay, it was with a deliberateness of action very different from his usual impulsive haste, and indicative of a resolution of purpose that boded ill for any one disposed to cross him.

"Is Captain Tresham in the house just now," he inquired of the footman who appeared in answer to his summons, carrying a lighted reading-lamp, which he deposited on the office-desk.

The man replied in the affirmative.

The Captain had returned from riding about half an hour previously, and had taken tea with the ladies in the inner hall; he was now, he believed, in the smoking-room. Should he fetch him?

Sir Geoffrey nodded.

"Close the curtains and clear the hearth first, and then go and tell Captain Tresham I wish to see him in the office for a few minutes, if he can spare time," he said curtly.

The servant executed his orders quickly and withdrew. The master of Tresham Park remained still deep in thought, folding and refolding the note he held, nodding his head from time to time, and staring gravely at the fire.

In a few minutes a man's tread was heard along the passage, the office-door opened, and Lancelot Tresham, gorgeous in a wadded smoking-jacket of gay eastern silk, walked in.

"You wanted me, sir, Evans said. Nothing gone wrong, I hope, is there?" he asked, with usual good-tempered insouciance, depositing himself in one of the two Windsor chairs and promptly improvising a couch by stretching out his long legs over the other.

Sir Geoffrey eyed him with strong disapproval.

"In my day," he remarked lolly, "young men were able to sit in one chair, without finding it necessary to use a second for the support of their lower limbs. I suppose it is another sign of the lamentable decadence of race that makes it impossible for any of the present generation to stand or sit upright for five minutes together."

"I shouldn't wonder," responded his nephew imperturbably.

He had now tilted the chair he sat in so that his head rested comfortably just on the edge of one of the polished wall panels, the fore-legs of his seat being thus poised in mid-air, and producing a sort of rocking vibratory motion without any trouble to the sitter.

"Depend upon it, we are all returning to our original four-leggedness by degrees, and that is why we find it so tiresome to make use of only two legs a minute longer than is necessary. You've no idea, though, how comfortable this sort of attitude is, when you once get used to it!" continued Lance, after a short pause, during which he felt constrained to shut his eyes to avoid the fixed stare with which his uncle was regarding him from beneath his bushy overhanging eyebrows. "I don't say anything on the score of elegance of course; but if you were once to try it——"

"I will do that," replied Sir Geoffrey sarcastically, "when I wear a table-cover made into a coat, an extravagant-priced orchid in my button-hole every night, a single stud in the middle of my shirt, and call every man 'old chappie' after ten minutes' conversation with him. In the meantime it is really a pity you should waste your talents here instead of hiring yourself out to some wandering conjurer who would let you turn an honest penny by exhibiting your acrobatic feats with chairs for so much a head to an admiring public."

"Well, I'll think of it," said Lance calmly.

He had the advantage over Sir Geoffrey that an easy going disposition always gives to its possessor when brought into contact with a temperament excitable, nervous, sensitive, and easily irritated. The older man's anger was already roused to boiling point by the mere spectacle of his nephew's lounging attitude. Tresham, on the contrary, remained actually unmoved by Sir Geoffrey's cutting remarks, receiving them all with perfect good-humor and a calm which it appeared impossible to ruffle.

"I'm sure," continued Lance naively after a few moment's silence, during which his uncle remained with eyes moodily fixed upon the fire, "if there was anything I could do, joking apart, to earn as much money as I want to spend, I'm not above doing it. I'm confoundedly hard up at the present moment; I am indeed"—as Sir Geoffrey gave vent to an impatient grunt. "What with living in town, and staying about, and tips to servants, and one thing and another, I never have any spare cash at all. I don't know what to do!"

"Marry," rejoined his uncle briefly.

Lance shrugged his shoulders.

"So you say, sir; but the feat seems more difficult of accomplishment than you imagine," he answered slowly. "Of course I know what your wishes are, and I should be only too happy to carry them out if it were possible; but you must remember that a man absolutely without any income—for my allowance from you, liberal as I admit it to be, can hardly be dignified by such a name, besides being entirely dependent on your pleasure—feels rather at a disadvantage when he is ordered to pay his addresses to the heiress of many thousands. One hardly cares to lie under the imputation of being a mere fortune-hunter, you see."

"There is no need for you to lie under any such imputation, and you know it!" interrupted Sir Geoffrey furiously. "I have repeatedly told you that, if you marry to please me—if, in plain language, you marry Miss Carstairs—I am willing at once to make a suitable provision for you. You have always had every reason to consider yourself my heir and the future owner of this place—certainly one of the finest in the country. In point of birth you are, as I need not remind you, greatly Miss Carstairs' superior. I fail to see therefore why you should be so hypersensitive as to allow any fear of imputed mercenary motives to prevent your making her an offer."

"But what can I do—what can any man do when he finds himself unmistakably shunted?" the Captain inquired, in a helpless tone. "It is all very well for you, uncle Geoff, to select a wife for me—and I am sure you know I am always anxious to conform to your wishes as far as I can—but what is to be done if Miss Carstairs herself does not fancy me as a husband? I can't force the young lady to marry me against her will, and for the past few days she has avoided me most determinedly; indeed, one of the tableaux arranged for to-night has fallen through entirely, owing to her flat refusal to act in it with me."

"And serve you right too!" exclaimed Sir Geoffrey, springing to his feet and dashing the poker between the bars of the grate so violently in his wrath that the red-hot coals flew hither and thither. "For the past eighteen months you have played fast and loose with the girl in a shameful manner until she is weary of the whole affair, as any woman of spirit would be, and casts you off in desperation to take up with somebody else. I am tired of your shilly-shallying ways also. Let me tell you, Captain Lancelot Tresham, it is my firm belief that you would lose Paradise itself, were it offered to you, through being too idle to open the door. Do you think I am going to allow you more money to squander, pray, on the lazy useless bachelor life you lead, wasting your time and my substance in town, when you might be of use to me down here, looking after my interests on the estate, which you count upon as your own when once the breath is out of my body? Do you suppose I can rest satisfied when I reflect that, after I have passed away, every shilling that I possessed will be cast to the winds on all descriptions of idle follies and extravagances? I sent for you this afternoon to tell you plainly that, after due consideration, I have decided to alter my mode of life entirely. Years ago, before you were born or thought of, I meant to marry like other men. Circumstances caused me to abandon this idea. From that day till within the past eight-and-forty hours the thought of matrimony as regards myself has, I can truly say, never crossed my brain; but lately I have felt lonely at times—have realized that I am in fact a childless solitary old man. The want of an intelligent companion to minister to my needs, humor my whims, bear with my tempers—I am not blind altogether to my own failings, you see—has impressed itself upon me very forcibly. Finding from my own observation that my plans and wishes with regard to your settlement in life are not likely to meet with fulfillment, I have determined to strike out a line of my own; I shall marry!"

"What!" Lancelot Tresham brought the rocking movement of his chair to such an abrupt stop that the impetus caused him to fall almost out of it when it resumed an upright position. "What did you say?" Lance repeated slowly, staring at his uncle with a half-dazed air.

Sir Geoffrey drew himself up with as much dignity as his short broad figure would permit and assumed a majestic attitude on the hearth rug. It was observable that, as the young man's self-control began to fail him, the elder grew calmer and more self-possessed every moment.

"Yes, I intend to marry shortly," he said, after a slight pause. "At my time of life it would be absurd to delay the affair, and having once made my plans, I shall endeavor to carry them out as quickly as possible."

"And the lady? You have not told me her name yet, sir; I am quite sure in the dark, remember," said Tresham, forcing a smile as he sat astride his chair, his arms folded on the back rail.

Surprise and consternation had almost deprived him of speech; but his handsome face had grown careworn and haggard in the space of a few minutes, and he looked an older man by ten years than when he had first entered the room.

Sir Geoffrey coughed dubiously behind his hand.

"Well, the truth is she has only just been informed of my intentions regarding her," he said, with some hesitation; "and although"—faintly smiling—"there can be, I suppose, little doubt as to her ultimate reply, the affair must remain in abeyance for a few hours longer. If it is of any interest to you"—the master of Tresham interrupted himself to open and smooth out the folded note he had been holding in his hand for the past half hour—"you can, if you please, read that," he said, offering the paper to his nephew.

Mechanically Tresham ran his eye over its contents. They were short enough, half a dozen lines at most, and written in a round hand. They ran thus—

"DEAR SIR—I cannot express the surprise with which I have read the letter I have just received from you. It would be impossible for me to decide on accepting so unprecedented a proposal without the most careful consideration. Will you allow me to defer my reply till to-morrow? Till then, believe me to remain,

"Gratefully yours,

"CAROLINE HAYWARD."

"The secretary! You intend to marry the secretary!" gasped Lance almost hysterically.

The absurdity of the situation for the moment appealed to him even more strongly than the crushing defeat of all hopes, the blasting of his own anxiously-awaited future. In spite of his overpowering mortification, he felt an extraordinary inclination to burst out laughing. His uncle, however, failed to grasped the humor of the position.

"The secretary—yes, I intend to marry the secretary!" he repeated, with a not very successful imitation of his nephew's intonation. "And what have you to say against that, pray? Is there any particular law rendering the marriage of a secretary criminal? Is there?"—a swift outburst of passion taking the place of the sneering calm of a second before. "What is it to you if I choose to marry fifty secretaries? I'm not asking you to do it, am I? No; I've done without asking you to do anything for me in future! Any disappointment you may feel at this sudden determination on my part you have brought upon yourself, I tell you! You have been disappointing me for years; it is my turn now! And, if I choose to take a respectable, orderly, well-educated young woman as my wife, instead of one of those painted Jezebels with their false hair and false teeth, who shall say me nay, I should like to know? Not you, of a surety, Captain Lancelot Tresham! No—not if I choose to go out to the tropics and marry a Hottentot!"

He paused to recover his breath; and Tresham, rising from his seat, handed him back the note he had just read.

"You must excuse me, sir; I cannot trust myself to speak of this matter at present," he said quietly, yet with a manly dignity that contrasted favorably with Sir Geoffrey's violence. "You have undoubtedly every right to act as you think best, and I am well aware that I have often given you great cause of complaint. My position as your next heir has always been an insecure one, owing to the property being unentailed and entirely under your own control. Whether I might have done better with my future absolutely assured to me is an open question. At any rate, I should have been independent, and so less tempted to employ subterfuge or deception in my dealings with yourself. With regard to your marriage, I suppose you are the best judge as to whether at your advanced age you are acting wisely in linking yourself for the remainder of your life to a woman at least forty years your junior, of whose antecedents you know nothing, and who a month ago was a complete stranger to you. Of course I don't wish to conceal from you that all this is a desperate facer to me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE only Englishmen that are known to the French people generally, it has been said in a jocular way, are Robinson Crusoe and the Prince of Wales. Cafe Robinsons, restaurants built in trees, are among the latest Parisian fads. They take their name, of course, from Robinson Crusoe.

A LOCK OF HAIR.

BY W. W. LONG.

There's a glory in the wood and wold,
  There's a beauty in the air;
For my tender love has sent to me
  A lock of her bonny brown hair.

This lock is the link that binds our love
  To the happy days that are to be;
For with it she gave her royal love,
  And her pure, true soul to me.

West Centre School.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

COLONEL HOPPER, lawyer and chief magnate of a small town in Vermont, was at work in his office, when the door was thrown open, and the ubiquitous office boy called shrilly: "Squire Barton to see you, Colonel."

The Colonel, a long-suffering man, suppressed a groan. The family quarrel about the ten-acre lot, so much enjoyed by the Squire and his seven brothers, outstripped the limitations of his patience.

A tall lean man entered with an abstracted air, sat down with no pretence at courtesy, and stared at the magnate. "Hello!" he said presently.

"Hello!" returned the lawyer, seeing some response was necessary. "Come in on business, eh?"

The Squire nodded. "Wall, not business exactly, Colonel, but jest as important. I s'pose you don't know as I'm committeeman for West Centre School?"

The lawyer confessed to ignorance on this important point, silently wondering how the information could possibly affect him one way or another.

The Squire bent forward, his usual attitude when disposed to be confidential. "Wall, Colonel, them boys up to West Centre be a lively lot. Pretty lively they be. They've jest run their teacher right out, kind of scared him to death—I heerd." (This with a chuckle of inward amusement.)

"I've heard they were a rough lot up to West Centre," said the Colonel.

"Wall, they be boys of sperrit, that's what they be, but—— Tell you, Colonel, they want some one as can 'hoe' 'em into shape."

"There's no doubt of that," assented the Colonel.

"Wall, now, bein' committeeman, it's kinder laid on me to find the match of them wild cats up to West Centre, an' I come in to-day on purpose to see. Can't you pint out the man as 'ull do the business right smart?"

The Colonel put on his considering cap. "Well," he said, "I do know a young fellow; but I doubt if he'd go. He's half engaged to come in my office as clerk—Geof Robins."

"Geof Robins! Seems to me I heard somethin' 'bout him lately."

"Perhaps you did. He was very prominent in a fire we had here. Saved a woman and two children under circumstances calling for muscle and nerve both. He's a daisy, is Geof.—Here, Joe!"

The tow head of the office boy was moved from the keyhole to the open door.

"Tell Geof Robins to step this way."

In a few minutes a young man entered with a brisk, light step. He was a fair-haired, slight fellow under six feet in height. The committeeman's first glance at him resulted in disappointment. He wanted a giant; size and weight formed his ideal of power. He did not notice the quality of the young man's gray eyes, hard as flint, and capable of flashing fire on provocation.

"Lordy!" said he, rising with a clouded brow, "our Bob could whip him an' toss him out of winder before you could say George Washington."

"Geof!" said the lawyer quieting, "show the Squire your muscle. Take a grip of his hand. That's the ticket. Now, Squire, you're a powerful man yourself; toss that boy out of window as quick as you please."

The Squire made manful efforts, while the youth, whose trained muscles were steel at his will, laughed as he held his antagonist easily at arm's length. The Colonel beamed; but the Squire, as he cried for quarter, grinned from ear to ear. Irrepressible elation danced in his oddly-lined visage as he shook the lawyer's hand over and over again.

"He's the boy to hoe 'em out," he cried, with a chuckle.

Geof looked on, wondering if the two old fellows were temporarily insane.

"Perhaps he won't want the job," suggested the Colonel.

The committeeman returned from flights into the future of "them wild cats" to the present. He put the case to the young man.

"But," said Geof, laughing, "I'm no teacher, and what's more, I don't know anything to teach."

"You can read, I s'pose?" said the Squire, wondering what under the sun he should do if the answer was in the negative, for, having found his man, he meant to hold on to him, teacher or no teacher.

Geof signified that he could read.

"Wall, now," said the Squire, "the last teacher he held on some to jography. 'Tain't no pint with me, jography ain't. Them boys has got to be "hoed out." That's you; you "hoe" them boys, an' I won't make no pint of jography."

Geof signified that "jography" was also within his limitations.

Terms were next discussed. Geof had just views as to his own value; but though the sum demanded was far beyond the usual rate, the committeeman smiled as he agreed to pay it.

The Squire went home, chuckling.

"Did you engage a new teacher, father?" asked his hopeful sons.

"Oh yes; I found one."

"What's he like?"

"Oh, a slip of a chap. Looks slimmer than our Bob, I should say."

The boys grinned. So did the Squire.

* * * * * *

The following Monday brought a large attendance to the West Centre School. All the boys and girls were present with the exception of Tom Batts, the bully of the school. Tom said "he wur tired of turnin' boys out of the teacher's chair. Twur time they had a man to teach 'em. He should take a vacation."

The door opened, a little late, and in walked the new teacher. "I'm late," he said easily, as he took his seat at the desk. "I started later than I intended, and it's a pretty steep road."

He had walked the fourteen miles and come in spry as a cricket?

The boys measured him. Yes, he was slim. Many a Bob and Tom present, perhaps some of the girls, could outweigh him. There wouldn't be much in ousting him, anyway, and meantime they could do just as "they'd a mind to."

They began to have a good time. Chewing gum and spitting went on with careless unconcern, as the buzz of talk and unruly laughter gained ground. In five minutes' time the school was not much better than a bear garden.

The new teacher sat at his desk, whistling cheerily, while his calm blue eyes passed from face to face of his scholars. He said not a word. There was plenty of time before him, and he rather enjoyed this opportunity for maturing his plans as to the subjection of the enemy; so he sat in his place whistling Yankee Doodle with variations, and looked on.

Now, had he been the weak creature they supposed, this close scrunity would not have been felt by the class; but ere ten minutes were over, the boldest began to feel uncomfortable. Perfectly undisciplined minds are often to be held by a strong will; Geof was aware of this, and ere long drew the attention of every scholar to himself, boys and girls wishing as they nudged one another that the new teacher wouldn't look at them so "kinder keen." They began to wriggle, in self-conscious discomfort. Geof's comprehensive gaze had become painful.

"Ladies and gentleman," he said presently, pointing to the floor, "we begin our session by a thorough cleansing of the school room floor. Follow me to the well."

The whole school swarmed into the yard.

"Bring out the benches, lads."

Somehow, the tone was one that demanded, nay, exacted obedience. The benches were brought out.

The girls were set to clean the windows; while the boys, headed by the master, gave floor, benches, and desk a thorough cleansing. When the work was finished, Geof addressed the school. "After this," said he briefly, "the first pig that brings tobacco or gum to school will be made to cleanse the floor, and then return home to his pigsty."

The boys weren't a bit afraid of the new teacher, "of course;" but by some accident, after this, gum and tobacco were left at home.

* * * * * *

Said Squire Bartlett to Squire Barton: "I don't think nothin' of that new teacher you've bin and engaged for our school. He set 'em to wash floors and winders to-day, didn't larn 'em nothin'!"

A grin of inward enjoyment expressed itself in the widening of the wrinkles on Squire Barton's odd countenance. "Wall," he replied, "I'd like to see the match of the man as made my Bob stand round and clean floors and haul benches."

This was as unanswerable as the best of logic.

A week went by harmoniously. Geof kept his weather eye open for squalls. Why did not the boys concert some plan to "run him out," as they had done with all the previous teachers?

They had not wit enough to explain their lack of "sperrit" even to one of themselves.

Said Tom Batts, overcome with impatient curiosity: "I'm comin' to school, an' I'm goin' to chew my terbacoer an' spet all I've got a mind to."

"You better," came a caution from Bob.

"I seen him t'other day," said Tom. "Lordy! he ain't more'n up to my knee!" Here he guffawed at his own exquisite wit.

"An' I seen him in the ten-acre pasture," said Bob confidentially, "playing with our bull calf, as even father can't go nigh without a stick, an' sure as you're alive, he threw him."

"Threw the bull calf!"

"Right over on to his back."

"Threw the bull calf!" Tom's mouth fell open with clownish surprise.

"Ay, an' the calf, he come movin' after him as gentle as a sheep. Says I: 'What you go to wrastlin' with that calf for?' Says he: 'Practice for my muscles. Come along, and I'll show you the trick.'"

"Did you try it?" said Tom, snapping his heavy jaws together.

"Wall, no; I guess not," replied Bob, "That calf chased me forty miles an hour cross lots last week."

"Bob Barton, you're makin' it up; no livin' chap could throw that calf."

"Wall, a livin' man done it, an' I seen him," replied Bob, doggedly adhering to his point.

Tom's curiosity was quickened by this encounter with Bob; but he held off a little longer ere beginning his half yearly joke of "running out the teacher."

Meantime, Geof was discovering to his own immense astonishment that his work was a very interesting one, and he threw all his energy into his efforts to civilize those "wild cats." In recess, he encouraged them to feats of strength; he, an accomplished gymnast, put them through a variety of exercises. They were clumsy, and needed to be taught to use their strength to better purpose. They could not understand why the feats, which looked so easy when gracefully performed by their teacher, should be impossible to their own clumsy limbs. Quietly, almost imperceptibly, Geof was master of the situation, indoors or out. Did he issue a command which was not instantly obeyed—a gleam from his eyes was apt to enforce obedience. He never spoke twice; disobedience was followed by punishment. The Squire's Bob was the recipient one day of six cuts that marked him for a week.

"Why didn't yer give him as good as yer got?" asked Tom Batts, when the rumor of Bob's disgrace reached his curious ears.

Bob could not reply. He was lost in wonder that he had not done so, not knowing enough to be aware that the athlete had gripped him so that he could not have struck a blow in self-defence even had he wished to do so.

After this, the "larnin' went on right steady," according to Squire Barton, who often sauntered in to see after the success of his experiment. The sight of his own Bob head of the class, "toeing the mark like a Christian," was nuts for him to crack, as he told Melindy, his wife. But the teacher taught "jography" in a way that made the Squire's hair stand on end. He had a story for every country, something to impress the scholars with the habits of the people, or animals native to the place. It is to be apprehended that when his knowledge, which was not profound, failed him, he made his information to order.

"There's a lot of things you mention," said the Squire, "as I don't recollect to have heerd on nowheres before."

Geof laughed. "I told you I was no teacher," said he. "I don't know much, and I'm no reader."

"Wall, you go ahead," said the Squire approvingly; "but I'd keep as close to the mark as I could if I was you. Hipperpatamuses ain't a wallerin' round South America, I know for dead certain. But you go ahead—that's you."

Geof did not take this frank criticism of his "jography" amiss, and he went "ahead" in his own original way, aiming to improve the manners, even if he could not do much for the brains of his class. The boys were obliged to drop their cavalier mode of asserting themselves as lords of creation when the girls of the class were in question. Nor was his own dainty cleanliness of person without its effect upon both sexes. Geof's eyes were apt to show a spark of disgust at dirty hands and toused hair, bringing such a feeling of discomfort to the owner as generally tended to superinduce more thorough ablutions.

When Geof's success in "hoeing" out the school became an established fact, the parents grew enthusiastic in his praise. Naturally, this was distasteful to the bully Tom, who smiled to himself as he listened. "You better shet up," he remarked. "I be going to school some Monday." Of this, Geof was forewarned by no less a man than the Squire's Bob.

"Ah," said Geof, with a sparkle of interest in his blue eyes. "Give him my compliments, and tell him I have been expecting him for some time."

When Tom received this message, he nodded his head knowingly. "He's beginning to knuckle down, poor little chap," said he, surveying his own giant frame with the appreciation of its merits.

Geof walking in the ten-acre pasture, met and had another tussle with the belligerent calf. Bob, who haunted his footsteps like a faithful dog, saw the conclusion with a broad grin of satisfaction.

"So Tom Batts is going to school Monday, eh," said the Squire with a sly look at Geof. "Going to run you out, I s'pose, as he done the rest of 'em."

Bob, who was present, joined in his father's grin, as he pictured to himself the sprawling in the ten-acre pasture. He had never looked forward to a circus as he did to the coming encounter between the country bully and the athlete.

Monday came. The school was in full working order, when the door was noisily thrown open and in swaggered Tom Batts. He sat himself down opposite to Geof, and whistled aloud as he began cutting a roll of tobacco into quids. Meantime, he was audibly chewing, his huge jaws working back and forth, while the floor around him was speedily covered with stains. All eyes were on Geof, who calmly went on ruling a copybook.

Presently he looked up. "Now, Mr. Batts, I am ready for you," he said pleasantly. "Please to walk this way."

Mr. Batts! The wonder of this term as applied to his own personality caused his heavy mouth to fall open. In this moment of surprise he rose to his feet and slouched forward.

"I suppose you can read, eh?" said Geof smiling. "Pity you joined us so late in the season, for a man of your age has no time to lose."

"Oh, I don't want to learn nothin'," muttered Tom, turning to kick a youngster who inadvertently giggled. "I come for fun," he said, with sudden assertion. His sidelong glance at the boys was disappointed of its meed of admiration, for all eyes were bent on the teacher, who for his part was taking Tom's measure with great accuracy. There was a steely gleam in his eyes, before which the boys who knew him trembled. Tom, secure in his brute-force, had not a qualm as to the result of the coming encounter. His measurement of the "slip of a chap" before him had been readily taken. He meant to throw him out of "winder, as he done the last."

There was a silence, in which the scholars held their breath with suppressed excitement. As for the teacher, he rose in his usual quiet way and proceeded to mark up a sum upon the blackboard, taking no notice of the intrusive figure between him and his scholars.

"First class to the blackboard," was his order; then, as the boys advanced: "You are in my way here," he said, calmly to Tom, "and as you do not wish to study, I am going to put you out."

How did it all happen? Not a boy was quick enough to see. There had been a swift movement on the part of the teacher; those huge arms of Tom's were held pinioned, despite his furious efforts to release himself.

"Will you go out, or shall I put you out?" Geof asked, politely. He looked calm enough, but the spirit of fight was boiling in his veins, and his eyes fairly blazed at the bully as he backed him to the door. On the threshold he set him free, and quietly pointed to the yard. "Go out!" he said, as he would have done to a surly dog.

To his dying day Tom never could understand why—he went out.

Squire Barton an a fellow-committeeman had followed close on Tom's heel as

and, in fact, had seen all through the window, themselves unnoticed. They would not have missed what they termed "the circus" for a great deal. They grinned at one another as Tom came slouching out.

"Hello, Tom!" cried Squire Barton.

"Hello, Tom!" from Squire Bartlett.

Then follow a guffaw of extreme enjoyment, under whose lash Tom turned his back and ran.

Then, assuming an official air, these worthy committeeman entered the school house, and surveyed the school from the vantage ground of the platform. They could not repress an inclination to compliment Geof on his prowess ere they descended to humdrum every day life again, after which they did not forget to point the moral, which, however, required no further illustration at their hands.

"What I says, I stands to," said the Squire, casting a severe glance at the towheads before him; "when a school's got to be 'hoed out,' go right ahead and hoe."

A Confession of Love.

BY A. V. M.

THE angelus bell was ringing from the picturesque little church of St. Senier, a village just below the town of Avranches, in Normandy.

As it rang Marie Lesage finishing milking the last cow in the farmyard close by the church; she rose at the sound, and put her milking stool under her arm, while Jean Tissot, who was standing by her side, mechanically doffed his cap, and there was silence for a minute between them.

The previous conversation had apparently been very animated, for Marie's cheeks were flushed, and her bright eyes sparkled like diamonds under her dark brows, while Jean looked on the verge of despair as he gazed distractedly on Marie's pretty profile and charming little figure, in its neat gray dress and white apron.

Marie was a farmer's daughter, and did not wear the ugly loose black jackets and unbecoming round flat caps, redeemed from ugliness by their streamers of the Avranches peasants. No, Marie was a coquette, and wore short petticoats because she had small feet; a tight bodice, because she had a charming figure; a red rose in her black hair, because it contrasted well with her raven plaits; and a white muslin fichu over her gray dress, because it showed to advantage her clear olive skin.

The angelus bell ceased, and Jean resumed his conversation.

"Marie, I meant it. If you won't marry me, I will go to sea."

Jean was very handsome; he had golden hair and a long golden moustache, blue eyes and a complexion bronzed by exposure to sea and sun; he was goodly to look at in his knitted blue jersey.

"Ah! ah! Jean, you all say that. Pierre said it, and Jacques and Robert. Tell me some news—I am used to that old tale. "If you do not marry me, I will go to sea," mocked Marie.

"They said it, and I do it. I say it, and by our Lady I'll go this very night if you don't promise to marry me," said Jean fiercely.

Marie turned a shade paler, but she laughed as she answered:

"Well, Jean, I believe a sailor's life is a very happy one; you can try it."

"A happy life! You pretend to believe I can be happy without you? Why, I would give ten years of my life if I had only eleven to live, to hear you say you love me, and you know it."

Marie colored with delight; this was the strain she loved to hear; this was sweetest music to those naughty little ears.

"If you didn't know it there might be some hope for me. Fool that I am to tell you," continued Jean.

"I can't contradict you," laughed Marie, but the laugh was not so merry as she meant it to be, and the fingers that grasped the milking stool trembled visibly.

"Cruel! Coquette!" muttered Jean beneath his breath. "Well, adieu, Marie Lesage. You may search all France and you will never find a man to love you as I love the very earth you tread on," and his blue eyes flashed fire as he spoke.

"Au revoir," said Marie lightly.

"No—it is not au revoir. Let us understand each other for once, if you please. If we part to-night it is adieu for ever. I shall go to Havre and get a berth on board some ship, going Heaven knows where, and never so long as I live, Marie, do I set foot in St. Senier again. If I go to the bottom, all the better."

"For me?" interrupted Marie, looking archly at him under her long lashes.

"For you?—yes, for you. For if I were dead, perhaps you would come to your senses; perhaps if I were lying in my grave you would know what I know now. In spite of all your scorn of me, Marie, I believe, nay, I am sure you love me," said Jean.

Marie trembled and turned paler, but she threw up her head haughtily as she replied: "I like your conceit."

"I wish you liked me," said Jean dejectedly.

"I dare say you think I shall cry my eyes out when you are gone to sea. Well, go, mon cher, and we shall see. Adieu," and Marie made her lover an elaborate curtsey and ran into the house, leaving the disconsolate Jean to his own reflections.

They were not happy, those reflections. He meant all he had just said to Marie. He meant to go to sea, since she refused to marry him. He believed she loved him in spite of that refusal. He felt sure it was her love of coquetry that made her refuse, but he would not be trifled with any longer.

Marie had gone too far; he would go still further, even as far as Havre, and from there wherever it pleased the winds of Heaven to take him; but that night he would shake the dust of St. Senier off his feet for ever.

He was a fisherman, he had a boat of his own and a house; and Marie had a dowry, so there was nothing to prevent them from marrying at once—nothing except Marie's perversity. How provoking she was, and the worst of it was he loved her so desperately—the more she scorned him, the more he loved her, and the little coquette knew it.

He turned on his heel and gave a farewell glance at La Meiairie, with its thatched roof and dormer windows, its roses and its poplars, all of which he loved so well: he should never see them again: the swallows would come back next spring and build in the eaves over Marie's window, but he—he would never, never come back.

Happy swallows! Miserable, miserable Jean! One last lingering look, and then Jean turned his back on the farm and walked through the village; past the cotton factory and the great water-mill that worked it, and the poplars that surrounded it, towards the pretty little church with its quaint spire. The church door was open, and Jean turned in; by that time to-morrow he would have a plank of wood between him and eternity. He would light a candle to our Lady, Star of the Sea, to watch over him, and go to confession before he left his native place for ever; he would do the best he could for his soul; earthly happiness was denied him; thank God there remained a Heaven to win.

The confessional stood in a dark recess, at the opposite side of the church to the door by which Jean had entered; there was a bell close to it, with which to summon the priest, if he was not in the confessional.

The church was empty, and Jean having lighted a candle and said a prayer at the Lady altar, went into the confessional and knelt there, knowing the priest would come and sit, as he always did, at half past six.

Presently Jean's devotions were disturbed by a step he would have recognized in Australia or Siberia as Marie's; it advanced up the aisle to the Lady altar, and there it stopped.

Jean rose from his knees, and, peeping round the corner of the recess, looked to see if he were right, though he had not a shadow of doubt on the subject. Yes, it was Marie. She now wore a little straw hat trimmed with a wreath of rose-buds, and she had removed her apron, and wore a little shawl round her neck.

Her back was towards him, as she knelt with eyes and hands raised towards to the statue of our Lady; she was evidently praying earnestly. Presently a stifled sob reached Jean's ears; then her shoulders began to heave, her head sank on to her hands, and she sobbed wildly for some minutes.

"I was right; she does love me after all; shall I go and comfort her? I dare not; she would scorn me as she has done so often. Oh, if I were only certain she loves me—if I could but be sure," thought Jean.

Presently the sobs ceased, and, as the clock chimed half-past six, Marie rose and came towards the confessional.

As quick as the thought which occurred to him, Jean seated himself in the priest's place in the middle of confessional, closed the wooden doors and drew the curtains. Marie was coming to confession; he would hear her, and find out if she loved him.

The confessional was so dark Marie would not be able to see him if she looked, and he could imitate the priest's voice to perfection.

Marie advanced to the confessional, saw the curtains were drawn and concluded the priest was sitting, so she knelt down by the grating; after a moment's pause Jean drew back the sliding shutter over the grating, muttered the usual blessing in Latin, and the unsuspecting Marie began her confession.

Jean could just see her profile through the "grille," her full face was turned from him, her eyes were cast down and the lashes were wet with tears. She whispered a few ordinary peccadilloes and then she burst out with a sob:

"Mon pere, I am so miserable."

"Why, my child?" said Jean, wondering what on earth he should say when she had finished.

"Because I have driven Jean Tissot to sea. He loves me and I have served him as I serve them all. I laughed at him. I cannot help it, father. I am a coquette. It is my nature. I want to make them love me. I love to hear them say they love me, and then I laugh at them. Ah! but you were right, father. You told me I should do it once too often; I have done it now. I shall never laugh again," said Marie with a sob.

"Why not?" asked Jean, with a beating heart.

"Why not? Because Jean has gone to sea. Oh! father, when he is out fishing, I watch the clouds all the while; if it blows, I am miserable till he comes back; but, when he is at sea, miles and miles away, oh! what shall I do? what shall I do? He will never come back here, never, never; he says so; oh! it will kill me," and Marie rocked herself in an agony of grief.

"Did you love him then?" asked that wicked Jean.

"Love him? I am dying of love for him. I shall die unless he comes back. I cannot live without Jean. Oh! father, I never loved any man but Jean; he is my first love and my last. Oh! what shall I do?"

What answer that rascal, Jean, would have made to this question wrung from Marie's heart in the agony of her remorse will never be known, for at that instant the sacristy door opened, and simultaneously Jean jumped up, bolted out of the confessional almost into the old priest's arms as he came towards it, and down the aisle as fast as his legs would carry him.

The priest amazed at such extraordinary conduct, pulled aside the curtain to see if any one was kneeling at the grating, saw Marie, whom he recognized; sobbing her heart out, and seating himself in his part asked in astonishment:

"My dear child, what does this mean? Who is that man?"

"What man, father? I have seen no one but you," sobbed Marie.

"But I have only just come into church."

"Haven't I been confessing to you, father?" said poor Marie in an agony of terror.

"No, a young man in a blue jersey rushed out of the confessional as I came into church; it looked like Jean Tissot," said the priest.

"Oh, father! I shall die of shame now. Oh! what will become of me? I have been confessing to you, as I thought, that I loved him. Oh! I wish I were dead. I would have died before I would said what I have just been saying to any one but you."

"Poor child, Tell me all about it," said Pere Legrand.

So poor Marie made her confession a second time, feeling more shame and mortification than despair this time.

"What shall I do father?" she concluded.

"Nothing; leave it to Jean to act. But promise me you will forgive him."

Marie gave the required promise, and shortly after the priest dismissed her, telling her to send Tissot to him if she met him, as he had committed a very grave sin.

There were several people in the church now waiting for the service at seven, but Jean was not amongst them. Marie finished her devotions, and then, not knowing whether she most hoped or feared to meet Jean, left the church.

It was getting dusk now, but it was light enough for her to distinguish Jean's handsome face waiting for her in the porch as she closed the church-door.

The hot blood rushed into her cheeks, her heart beat violently; the end of all things seemed at hand; would the ground open and swallow her up?

The ground showed no such inclination.

A man's arms opened and folded her to his heart.

"At last, Marie! You can never deceive me again—I know the truth now. No, you shall not stir from here till you promise to be my wife," whispered Jean, kissing her passionately.

"Let me go, Jean. Some one will see us,"

"I don't care who sees us. Promise," said Jean.

"I promise. Now let me go. And you go to Pere Legrand, he is waiting for you. Oh! Jean, how dreadfully wicked you have been. I don't know what the priest won't do to you," said Marie, who thought by making the most of Jean's offence to cover her own confession.

"Oh Marie! I am so happy; I can't be sorry I did it. Must I go to the priest?"

"Yes, unless you would rather go to Havre," said Marie archly.

"Well, come and wait for me," said Jean, who did not relish this visit. However, he went into the confessional and Marie waited for him.

"I shan't play that trick again, Marie, as long as I live," he whispered, when he came out.

"There is no need to do it again," answered Marie. And Jean Tissot never went to sea.

And Pierre and Jacques and Robert wondered what arts he had employed to win his bride; but that secret was one neither they nor any one else in St. Senier ever discovered.

Farm and Garden.

DISH-WASHING.—A dish-washing machine in a London hotel can, with two persons to attend to it, wash 1000 dishes an hour, according to an exchange.

COWS.—A good cow should produce milk for nine or ten months in the year before going dry. Some cows will keep up their full flow to the period of calving, but it is of no advantage for them to do so. It is better to allow a cow to remain dry from four to eight weeks at least.

TREES.—Manure for trees should be well rotted. Experiments show that the use of fresh stable manure around fruit trees sometimes leads to disease, as well as providing harboring and feeding places for many insects, the manure protecting them from frost.

WATER AND AIR.—It is common belief that water deprived of air will deteriorate in quality and become unfit for use; but pure water, if preserved from contact with organic matter, will remain unchanged indefinitely. It is only when the decomposition of the organic materials takes place that the fluid becomes spoiled.

ELECTRICITY.—Measuring instruments in electric light stations occupy very much the same position to the operator as a compass does to the mariner. Ships may be run without compasses, and electric light plants may be operated without these indicating appliances; but it is a very crude method, and one likely to result disastrously.

TREE-STUMPS.—Rotting tree stumps may be easily removed in this way: With a one-and-a-quarter-inch auger bore a hole in the centre of the stump about 18 inches deep and put in 20 ounces of saltpeter, fill the hole with water and plug it tight. In the spring take out the plug, pour into the hole a half-pint of crude petroleum and set it on fire. The stump will burn and smoulder to the end of the roots, leaving nothing but ashes.

LIME FOR THE SOIL.—The fall season of the year is the time for applying lime to the soil. The action of lime is slow, and as its tendency is to go down into the soil it is only necessary to broadcast it over the surface of the land. There is no loss of ammonia when lime is applied over manured land, as the soil itself arrests and retains all gaseous matter, while its chemical effects on the substances in the soil are such as to more readily convert them into plant food. It is of itself plant food, and it may be added, it is a portion of the food of all animals in some form, as it exists in many compositions, and it is safe to claim that no fertilizer offered to farmers is destitute of lime as one of its factors, and in the form of phosphate of lime it is an important ingredient of commerical fertilizers.

THE LUNGS ARE STRAINED AND RACKED by a persistent Cough, the general strength wasted, and an incurable complaint often established thereby. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant is an effective remedy for Coughs and Colds, and exerts a beneficial effect on the Pulmonary and Bronchial Organs.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST, and of which descriptions and reduced illustrations are given on another page. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

The Search For Health.

If we are a prey to ill-health, life is poisoned at its source. It would be an exaggeration to say that there is no happiness without health, for happiness is a hardy growth; but it is very much cramped for room when pain and weakness are present.

Still even great sufferers, who have time to accommodate themselves to their sufferings, find happiness creeping in, and they are sometimes almost as well off in the end as those who have small ailments and scourge themselves with the fear of greater ones. Fancy and apprehension are well-nigh as tormenting to those in search of health as pain and weakness.

There is a good reason why ill-health always looms larger before our eyes than good health; it is this—robustness is perfect when it is unconscious, and so is seldom directly enjoyed.

It is a splendid negative—the absence of pain, care, lassitude and consciousness of the body.

The Theosophists say that by mastering the body and living "in the spirit" we may get free from fleshly dross and rise to higher communings. However that may be, it is certain that by training the body to perfect fitness we may escape from a sense of its presence, may run and not be weary, may remain bright-spirited and buoyant, as though we lived in an arial world.

The bird on the wing is the best symbol of physical triumph. But, once let consciousness creep in, though it be brought by ever so slight a cause, and perfect happiness is lost.

Begin to fidget and worry and fear about health, and every fresh sensation and apprehension is like the struggling of a man whose feet are caught in a swamp.

As soon as one is unwell, everybody conspires to push anxieties in one's way, for sympathy or for gain. Health is made a constant and absorbing theme. The guides to the city of Hygeia are many in number and loud in their touting cries; but, if one commits oneself to their direction, it is ten to one against one's ever finding and entering the city.

Health-seekers are always crying "Wolf—wolf!" with the proverbial results. We all have acquaintances who have been dying all their lives and yet seem in a fair way to reach a venerable age. The worst of it is one never is quite sure whether concern or contempt is the feeling which their ailments deserve. Others conceal their troubles or take them as matters of course, and then die off suddenly, almost without a complaint.

Perhaps it may be thought that we take a somewhat censorious tone; but we wish to drive home a truth, that many of our common ailments come from very simple causes and are aggravated by the imagination and fears of the sufferer. Almost every ill that befalls our frail frame may be mitigated or cured by attention to two or three simple precautions that are within the reach of almost every one of us. Why is it that people who ought to know better have such a deep-rooted distrust of fresh air?

Want of exercise is a phase of want of fresh air. Of course there may be an overdoing of a love of fresh air; but the natural regulation of atmospheric impact on the body is by clothing. One of the oldest features of "faddism" in health is the recklessness with which those who coddle themselves in one respect will invite disease to come to them from some other quarter. The man who has a mortal terror of a chamber that has no bag of shavings stuffed up the chimney will stroll into the outer air in his shirt-sleeves on the bitterest day.

But the greatest part of our ailments unquestionably come through eating indigestible masses of food ill cooked, or too much of well-cooked food, or eating too fast, or "bolting" our meals, or not taking sufficient fruit or meal in the morning. Simple matters all of these, but of infinitely more importance than dozing and pampering.

It is a lamentable fact that an enormous proportion of the physical suffering of the American people is caused by non-essential habits—such as the inordinate consumption of alcoholic liquors, immoderate smoking, and drug-taking. When will some one arise who will put the last indulgence and delusion in its proper place? Not only does it do harm directly, but it obscures the proper and natural precautions for securing health—the precautions of simple scientific living, which not only prevent sickness but are themselves pleasurable.

THE ancients knew more than we; but it is in the use that we make of our knowledge that we find our hope of its immortality and defy time, in the rule that no man has a right to know anything and not make it do service for his fellow-men, which is the rule of modern civilization.

HAVING an easy time of it is the hardest life a man can live. Hardship and struggle are essential to that development of character that alone makes life worth living or that can command admiration and regard from others. King Alfred the Great said wisely, "No wise man should desire a soft life, if he careth for any worship here from the world or for eternal life after this life is over."

A PERSIAN proverb says, "Do the little things now; so shall big things come to thee by-and-by asking to be done." Often we lose the opportunity of doing little things and little acts of kindness because we are waiting for the opportunities to do great or grand things; or, while wishing to do what So-and-so does, we forget to do what really lies in our power to do.

IF GRATITUDE, when extended towards another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man, it exalts the soul into rapture when it is employed on this great object of gratitude to the beneficent Being who has given us everything we already possess, and from whom we expect everything we yet hope for.

CHARITY is a first mortgage on every human being's possessions. Opportunities are very sensitive things; if you slight them on their first visit, you seldom see them again. The more virtuous a man is, the more virtue does he see in others. He who loves to read and knows how to reflect has laid by a perpetual feast for his old age.

SOME people think that justice applies exclusively or almost exclusively to money transactions and dealings in business. But that is a very restricted and imperfect view of what constitutes justice. It lies quite as much in the habit and manner of speech as in the making and fulfilment of contracts.

MEN and women make their own beauty or ugliness. Bulwer speaks in one of his novels of a man who "was uglier than he had any business to be;" and, if we could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good-looking or the reverse, as that life has been good or evil.

THE wisest and soundest preachers and writers have taught over and over again that the best panacea for heartache and discouragement is to visit some one far worse than yourself, and, contrasting your condition with a worse one, learn a lesson of patience and thankfulness.

NOTHING in this world is so good as usefulness. It binds your fellow creatures to you, and you to them; it tends to the improvement of your own character; and it gives you a real importance in society, much beyond what any artificial station can bestow.

THE men of sense, the idols of the shallow, are very inferior to the men of passions. It is the strong passions which, rescuing us from sloth, impart to us that continuous and earnest attention necessary to great intellectual efforts.

No peace was ever won from fate by subterfuge or argument; no peace is ever in store for any of us but that which we shall win by victory over sin or shame—victory over the sin which oppresses as well as over that which corrupts.

HE who distrusts the security of chance takes more pains to effect the safety which results from labor. To find what you seek in the road of life, the best proverb of all is that which says, "Leave no stone unturned."

ALL the good things of this world are of no further good to us than as they are of use; and, whatever we may heap up to give to others, we enjoy only as much as we can use.

A TRUE and successful life is one the touch of which upon others is quickening, wholesome, purifying, and beneficent.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

N. B. S. B. A.—We have not published the story you speak of in book form.

T. K. R.—We know nothing of the value of the coin further than published. Make inquiry of some coin-dealer in your own city or New York.

C. V.—Photographs may be removed from the cards on which they are mounted by holding them over steam, or by floating off in water. They may then be pinned on glass by means of copal varnish laid evenly on their face, the pictures being smoothed perfectly after application to the glass surface.

C. F.—1. A slight bow is all that courtesy demands after an introduction. It is optional with the parties whether handshaking shall be indulged in, and it should rest with the older, or superior in social standing, to make advances. 2. It is not absolutely necessary to employ a professional teacher in learning how dance.

LEO.—In fashionable weddings just now whether morning or evening, the bride usually dresses in white. If the couple are to start immediately on a wedding tour, gray or any suitable traveling color would seem proper. These fashions, however, are variable and your best plan would be to select what your own good sense and taste tell you is best.

A. N. R.—It is not known where tame dogs originated, although there are several breeds of wild dogs in different parts of the world. Some authorities claim that all wild dogs were once tame, while others say that both the wild and the tame are descendants of wolves. The prairie-wolf and coyote of the West, are in reality wild dogs, and it is supposed that Indian dogs are descended from them. 2. The terrier gets its name from its following game into burrows in the earth, the Latin word for which is terra.

LAURA.—To raise the pile of your velvet coat when it is pressed down, warm an iron moderately and cover it with a wet cloth, and lay or hold it under the velvet, on the wrong side. The steam from this will penetrate the velvet, and the pile can then be raised with a common brush. Another way is to hold the parts of the garment to be treated over a basin of hot water, with the lining next the water. The pile will rise of itself and assume its original beauty.

ARTHUR.—It is generally best to break an engagement by letter, as by this mean some can express himself or herself more clearly, and give the true reasons for his or her course much better than in a personal interview. The letter should be accompanied by everything in the way of portraits, letters, or gifts received during the engagement. Such a letter should be acknowledged in a dignified manner, and no effort made to change the decision of the writer, unless there is good reason to believe that he or she is mistaken in his or her ideas.

R. B.—The first hospitals for the insane of which tradition or history makes mention, were the sacred temples in Egypt. In mediæval Christian times, monasteries appear to have been the representatives of such retreats. Lunatic asylums, properly so-called, date from the commencement of the present century, and for many years after their institution, although based upon sound and benevolent views, they resembled jails in construction and management, rather than hospitals for the treatment of those bereft of reason.

TROUBLED.—Sometimes an impediment in the speech is the result of physical defect, and can be remedied only by a surgical operation, but more frequently it is owing entirely to nervousness, and can be overcome by a little care, and often disappears altogether as one grows older. A very good practice is to read aloud from a book, and always in speaking to keep the lungs well filled with air. The various appliances are of little value, and although a good teacher could give you much help, we do not know where you can get such teaching in return for work.

J. J. W.—"Liver spots," as they are commonly called, are well defined brownish blotches on the skin, generally appearing on the forehead. They do not, however, as their name would imply, always proceed from a derangement of the liver, but may be caused by an unhealthy state of some other of the internal organs. Therefore, to effect a cure, the general health must be thoroughly cared for by the administration of such medicines as a good physician may see fit to prescribe, after which it is likely he will employ some external application for the spots.

SANTA.—There was no uniformity of date for Christmas in the earlier times, some churches holding it in April, some in May, some in September, and some in January. The one thing certain is that the date subsequently fixed on and now observed—the 25th December—could not have been the date of Christ's birth. There were neither flocks or herds on the hills of Judæa at that time of year. But on the other hand, December was the great festival month with heathen nations, and this service was no doubt borrowed from them and engrafted upon the observances of the Christian Church as a thing that seemed innocent enough itself, yet calculated to assist heathens into bringing into communion with Christians. In the East, the 6th of January was the date usually observed, while in the West, 25th December. Finally, Pope Julius I., who reigned from 337 to 352, is credited with having fixed 25th as the day to be selected for the celebration by all Christendom.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY J. C.

In the quiet shadows of twilight
I stand by the garden door,
And gaze on the old, old homestead,
So cherished and loved of yore.
But the ivy now is twining
Untrained o'er window and wall;
And no more the voice of the children
Is echoing through the hall.

And the forms of those who loved me
In the happy childhood years
Appear at the dusky windows,
Through vision dimmed with tears.
I hear their voices calling
From the shadowy far-away,
And I stretch my arms toward them
In the gloom of the twilight gray.

But only the night winds answer,
As I cry through the dismal air;
And only the bat comes flying
From the darkness of its lair.
Yet still the voice of my childhood
Is calling from far-away,
And the faces of those who loved me
Smile through the shadows gray.

The Blue Letter.

BY M. K. S.

"YOUR last evening in Russia, Charlie," said Ivan Zosemoff, my brother-in-law, as we strolled along the side of the quay at Dolganief in the cool of the evening. "Well, shall you be glad to get back to old England?"

I shook my head very energetically in reply. Ivan shrugged his shoulders with an air of comic despair.

"Another opportunity lost of practising your Russ," he said; "and your five weeks are over to-morrow. What is the good of my bringing you out here, you young nuisance, to perfect yourself in the language, if every time you converse with me you insist on using English slang or no language at all? You can shake your head as much as you like when you get back to London, but you are simply throwing away your opportunities in Dolganief."

I summoned up my most elaborate Russ—I could speak it pretty well, thanks to Ivan's tuition—and replied that, though I was devoted to my country and also to my school, still I should be content to dispense with their charms for a little while longer for the pleasure of being with Ivan among the fresh and interesting scenes of Russia—that, though my commiseration was great for my dear sister, who was called to nurse our only living relative, aunt Catherine, just as she was starting with Ivan, and though of course I altogether regretted my dear aunt's illness, still, considering that she was now quite convalescent, I looked upon her indisposition as a not altogether unmixed evil, since it had led Ivan to take me instead of Eleanor with him on his business visit to the land of his birth.

I was afraid Ivan was bored before I got half-way through my speech; but that made it all the more fun pouring out my elaborate Russ to him.

"Well, I must say you are unpatriotic," he observed, when it was over. "Here am I, in my own country, longing to be back in England, while you, an Englishman—I beg your pardon, an English boy——"

"Don't happen to have a wife in London, and am therefore less eager to get back," I interrupted, remembering this time to speak in Russ. "Besides, I am horribly disappointed. I hardly think I dare go back to school and tell the fellows I have been five weeks in Russia and have not seen a sledge, or a wolf, or a Nihilist. They expected me, I believe, to join a secret society and try to blow up the Czar, just to tell them what it was like."

"Hush!" interrupted Ivan, looking round half anxiously to see if any one had overheard. "You had better stick to English, my boy, if you are going to talk like that. We have to be careful what we say here, you know."

"But I did really expect to have the police make a domiciliary visit and ransack my love-letters for treasonable correspondence, as they do in every novel about Russia. For all I've seen of plots and police tyranny, I might just as well have been in England."

"For which fact you should be devoutly thankful," said Ivan, quite solemnly.

"If Peter Petrovitch wasn't telling me lies," I went on, "I missed a good chance this afternoon. He says there was quite a little riot down by the Haymarket; the police pounced upon a meeting of the 'Red Fingers,' and fired upon them when they resisted. Didn't you hear about it? Two of the Nihilist fellows were shot, but their companions got them clear away; and Peter Petrovitch says they are hidden in the town somewhere, and haven't been found yet. I wish I had been there."

"What—to get shot?"

"Well, it would have been something to show the fellows at school if I had been wounded slightly in a Nihilist row."

Ivan had been glancing round rather uneasily all the while I was speaking. He stopped me now with a low "Hush!"—and, looking behind me, I saw a man apparently following us, his face muffled up closely and with his hat down over his eyes. We were just leaving the quay by a dark little street which ran almost direct through to the Place of St. Catherine, where our hotel was.

"Let us stop a moment," whispered Ivan, when we had gone a little way, "and see if he will pass us." He pulled out his cigarette-case, and in his excitement actually offered me one, which I promptly accepted; and I stood still to strike a match on the dark wall.

The stranger did not pass us, as I thought he was about to do by the way in which he came up. Instead, he turned and, taking off his hat with great politeness, addressed my brother-in-law.

"Ivan Zosemoff, I believe?"

"That is so," said Ivan shortly, letting the match in his fingers burn itself out—as it flared up, I saw that Ivan was suddenly looking quite pale.

"Perhaps you will come back and take a turn with me on the quay," said the stranger, in the same tone of studied politeness. "I am Nicholas Petrowsky, and have a message from my brother——"

"Peter Petrowsky!" exclaimed Ivan; and, as I struck another match to try to see Petrowsky's face, I noticed that Ivan's was more disturbed than ever. "He quarrelled with me last night," he said.

"Yes—I think that is why he wishes to see you. He is dying."

My brother-in-law started.

"Will you come and see him?" asked Petrowsky. He had not taken any notice of me; and Ivan seemed to forget my existence as they talked.

"Certainly," he replied. "I was sorry that we quarrelled. I did not wish to do so. I should certainly like a reconciliation if he is as ill as you say. Surely he was quite well yesterday? Has he had an accident?"

"I can explain that better afterwards, if you will come," said Petrowsky.

"I will go at once," Ivan said.

The stranger laid a hand upon his arm.

"One moment first, please, Mr. Zosemoff. You are, I believe, a man of honor, and would not betray the confidence even of one with whose efforts you are no longer in sympathy."

He seemed to lay a significant stress upon the words "no longer," and I saw Ivan shiver slightly. He only nodded his head in reply.

Petrowsky paused and looked at me.

"You have not introduced me to your friend," he said.

"Oh, my brother-in-law!" replied Ivan shortly; and, as the stranger bowed with extreme politeness, I did my best to imitate him.

After the introduction, there was a minute's silence, and then Ivan turned and said to me in English—

"Perhaps you had better go, Charlie. I will join you at the hotel some time to-night."

"And lose the chance of an adventure now it has come?" I answered. "Well, I call it a thundering shame!"

My brother-in-law smiled faintly.

"I wish you could have had the adventure alone. Listen! Six years ago, when I was young and impetuous, I joined the Society of the Red Finger here at Dolganief. A week later, when I found in its midst more thirst for murder and revenge than for the welfare of the people, I was anxious to leave it. Fortunately I was allowed to retire, thanks mainly to the influence of this Peter Petrowsky who wishes to see me. I dare not neglect the summons. But you——"

"Will stick to you, old man, like a leech!"

"You had better let our friend think you speak only English, then," said Ivan; and he turned to Petrowsky and explained to him in Russ that I was English and that I wished to accompany him.

"Ah, the English are always friends of freedom!" said Petrowsky, with a bow of greater politeness than before; and I almost forgot to wait for Ivan to translate the remark before bowing in return and saying that I hoped so.

As we left the quay-side again, to turn down the dark narrow thoroughfare where Petrowsky first accosted us, he proposed that we should walk slowly along smoking, so as not to attract attention.

"After the unfortunate affair of this afternoon," he said, "the police are very much on the alert. This request of my brother's will be a source of considerable danger to all his friends."

Ivan tried to murmur some apology.

"But who can refuse the request of a dying man?" Petrowsky went on. "You were an old friend of my brother's, I believe, Mr. Zosemoff?"

"I am much indebted to him," said Ivan.

"And yet it seemed to me that he was anxious to ask your forgiveness for something. I hope we shall reach him before it is too late."

We had turned out of the narrow thoroughfare, and, after passing through a few crowded streets of the lower class, we were crossing the deserted haymarket. It struck me then for the first time that the man we were about to see must be one of those about whom Peter Petrovitch, the hotel waiter, had told me—the "Red Fingers"—who had been wounded by the police and hidden away by friends.

"Before we go any farther," said Petrowsky, when we had crossed the deserted square and turned into another dark lonely street of dilapidated buildings, "I must extract a promise from you."

"You may be sure I shall not utilize any information I may acquire to injure you or your friends," said Ivan; "and to-morrow I sail for England."

"Personally," replied the Russian, "I am inclined to trust to your word; but my friends have compelled me to impose a condition which will place it out of your power to harm any of us except the two who are dying and myself, who will stay with them. We three may still be at your mercy, unless death intervenes."

"And your condition?" inquired Ivan impatiently.

"My friends' condition is that you agree, before accompanying me to my brother's side, to remain there for twelve hours."

Ivan drew out his watch.

"It is nearly nine o'clock," he said. "My ship is to sail at eleven to-morrow. It is cutting it rather fine."

"Unfortunately I am not allowed to alter the terms. It is hard to deny a dying man's request; but of course, if you cannot accept the arrangement of my friends, we must part here."

"And Peter Petrowsky wants to ask me to forgive something?" said Ivan, almost to himself.

"And is more anxious than I can describe to see you," added Petrowsky. "Well—your decision, Mr. Zosemoff?"

"You in return will pledge me your word that in twelve hours I shall be allowed to depart without further restriction."

"Certainly!"

"Then I pledge you my word as a gentleman to remain," said Ivan.

A few moments later we had turned up an almost pitch-dark alley; and Petrowsky, whispering to us to follow him, unlocked a door which we could not see in the obscurity. Then, after closing it behind him, he commenced to grope his way before us up a broken and uneven staircase. He did not pause till we were on the third landing, when we could see a faint light shining beneath the door of one of the rooms. Petrowsky gave a peculiar whistle, and the door was thrown open, showing a large room, which might have been used for a workshop or warehouse, and which at first sight, as one peered into it from the darkness, appeared to be full of people.

There were only five there, I noticed, as I stood within and looked round—three sitting beside a low smouldering fire which, with two flaring candles, lighted the room, and two lying on some straw which was scattered over the floor.

The men by the fire stared at us as we entered. One with a big black beard spoke to Nicholas Petrowsky, our guide.

"He has promised?" he asked.

Petrowsky nodded.

"And the youngster?"—"Is English, and does not count."

How I wished I had not dropped my cigarette at the bottom of the stairs—for I think my manner of smoking cigarettes particularly manly!

As Petrowsky spoke, he was bending over one of the figures on the floor.

"He is alive, and knows you have come," he said, looking up and speaking to Ivan, who still stood in the doorway. Then my brother-in-law went over and knelt down in the straw by the sick man's side; but I hardly noticed their greeting, for I was fascinated.

The other man who was reclining beside Peter Petrowsky appeared, like him, to be wounded, and, as I entered the room, he fixed his eyes upon me, and I could not keep mine from his face. It was deathly pale and bore traces of a recent encounter, and a linen bandage was bound round his temples. He lay in the straw with his head raised a little, his lips moving as though he were speaking to himself. His terrible eyes fascinated me, holding me spell-bound.

I wished to listen to what Peter Petrowsky had to say to my brother-in-law, but I could not tear myself away from that terrible face. I do not know how long I had been standing gazing at it—at the eyes that were glaring straight into mine—when suddenly the man half rose and raised his hand towards me.

"It is very cold this evening," he said quietly.

I was so utterly surprised at this commonplace remark from a man who seemed to me to be dying that I almost laughed; and, forgetful of Ivan's caution, I should have answered the remark in Russ if the man himself had not spoken again after a moment's pause.

"It is colder in the mines," he said; and then he fell back.

The men sitting round the fire had all risen at his first words, exchanging glances. One of them came over now and knelt down beside him.

"Poor Alexander Romanoff is dead," he said simply, as he looked at him.

I am awfully ashamed of myself, but somehow, when I heard that, I fainted. When I recovered consciousness, Nicholas Petrowsky was standing beside me offering me a glass of water; and I sat there where I had fallen, sipping it and wondering if this adventure would satisfy the fellows at school, yet almost wishing that I had gone back to England without having an adventure at all.

In a little while Ivan came over to me. I do not think he knew I had fainted, he had been talking so earnestly with Peter Petrowsky. He looked terribly in earnest now, poor fellow, and his cheeks were almost as white as dead Alexander Romanoff's.

"Come, Charlie—we must go at once," he said, putting his hand upon my shoulder.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Petrowsky has denounced me to the police and given an exaggerated account of my connection with the society. It is all up with me unless I can get out of Russia at once or stop Petrowsky's letter. The Government have no mercy on 'Red Fingers.' Oh, why did I leave England, where I was in safety? Oh, Eleanor, Eleanor!"

The mention of my sister's name made me exercise all my wits to devise means to help Ivan; for Eleanor's last words to me had been, "I am glad you are going, Charlie—you will take care of my Ivan for me!"—and I had said to myself, "No such luck—I shan't have a chance!"

"Stopping a letter! What letter?" I asked.

"One which Peter Petrowsky wrote this morning to the Head of the Police here at Dolganief. My poor friend is suffering terrible remorse now, and is as anxious as I am to have his letter stopped. But I am afraid it must have been delivered an hour ago."

"But may still be unread. Has he described it to you?"

"Yes, poor fellow, he has done all he could. It is large, he tells me, for it contains letters of mine. The envelope is blue, and there is a large seal on the back in green wax."

"Come," I said—"we must go at once and visit the Head of Police, and invent some story to induce him to give it up."

"No," said Ivan—"that would be running into the lion's mouth. I must disguise myself and go to another port. They will be waiting to arrest me on the vessel to-morrow; not a moment to be lost!"

As he spoke, he took up his hat and stick and moved towards the door. Nicholas Petrowsky walked slowly across to it and put his back against it.

"You seem to be forgetting your promise, Mr. Zosemoff," he said quietly.

Ivan started. We had both of us entirely forgotten the promise he had made to remain twelve hours in Peter Petrowsky's hiding-place.

"But you hear," Ivan pleaded passionately, addressing himself to Nicholas Petrowsky and forgetting that he had given me the news in English—"your brother has denounced me to the police! If I do

not escape at once, I shall never see England again. I have a wife there waiting for me. You cannot keep me to my promise!"

The three men who had gathered round Alexander Romanoff's corpse looked up nonchalantly, and the bearded man shook his head as Petrowsky looked towards him.

"For what has he denounced you?" he asked.

"Six years ago I was in the Society of the Red Finger——"

"And left it? Then you must look for no mercy from us," he said coldly.

Ivan's white forehead was covered with moisture. Suddenly he rushed to Peter Petrowsky's side.

"Your dying brother will speak for me," he said. "Good Heaven"—as he turned—"he is dead!"

Nicholas Petrowsky rushed to his brother's side; the other men all turned. I thought the opportunity too good to be lost, and, conquering an inclination to faint again, slipped noiselessly out at the door. I had given no promise, and I was determined to get hold of that large blue letter with the green seal before it was opened by the Head of the Dolganief Police.

I was down two flights of stairs before I heard the slightest sign of pursuit, and I almost fell down the third. I remembered that the front door closed with a latch inside, and, having reached the bottom, I was feeling for it while my pursuer came down the second flight of stairs.

What an age it seemed before I got that door open and was out in the court! Then I slammed the door behind me, and made my way to a narrow strip of light which told me where the street was. Out in the street I was safe; for there is one thing I can do well, and that is run—although I am only a "youngster" and "don't count."

I did not run far however, but hid in the Haymarket, waiting to see if Ivan would follow. In a little while a figure came out of the street I had left and stopped to look across the square. It was the man with the beard. He went back after standing for about five minutes, and I waited an hour for Ivan, but he never came.

I knew him well enough to be sure that he would stay his twelve hours unless released from his promise; and, from what I had seen of Petrowsky's friends, I judged rightly that he would not be released. It was gruesome work waiting for him in the dark Haymarket, for not a soul was about, and all the while I could not get Alexander Romanoff's eyes out of my mind or the two sentences he had spoken as he died—"It is very cold this evening. It is colder in the mines." The words seemed to be ringing continually in my ears, and I tried in vain to drown them by repeating to myself over and over again Eleanor's last good-bye when she gave Ivan into my care.

It was now after ten o'clock. If I was to do anything towards saving Eleanor's husband, I must begin at once. But what could I do? Get police assistance? That would be using a dangerous remedy, and the "Red Fingers" would be pretty sure to revenge themselves by shooting Ivan before they were taken. Besides, if Ivan were free, what chance would he have of escaping from Russia if that damning blue letter reached the hands of the Head of the Police? It was to the stopping of that letter that I must direct all my efforts.

So, creeping out from the Haymarket, I made the best of my way, through the streets by which we had come, in the direction of the Place of Saint Catherine. The private house of General Vanrow, the Head of the Dolganief Police, was not far from our hotel; Peter Petrovitch the waiter had pointed it out to me. While I was making my way towards it through the narrow streets filled by people of the lowest class, a man suddenly ran out of a dark entry which I was passing, and, before I knew what he was about, had snatched my watch out of my pocket and run away with it. I did not pursue him; the theft delighted me. I had been racking my brains to think of some pretext for getting into the house of the Chief of Police, and here Providence had furnished me with one.

It was not long before I had reached the place, passed the sentry at the gate, and was ringing at the door-bell, although I had only the most vague idea as to what I should do when it was answered.

The door was opened by a muscular-looking footman, to whom, in accordance with Russian etiquette, I presented a couple of kopecks before inquiring if his master was at home. The man looked at the money, pocketed it in a leisurely manner, and replied that his master was not at home. I had been fearing the two kopecks were not sufficient, so I presented the man with two more, and said it was really very important that I should see the Head of the Police at once; to which the footman replied with more friendliness, after pocketing his fee, that General Vanrow was at the neighboring town of Doushkin, and would be back possibly at midnight.

"Your master has not been at home all day?" I asked.

"He has been away since yesterday."

"And his letters—who has opened them?" I inquired, anxious to gain as much information as possible. "My business is about a letter," I explained.

"The letters have not been opened."

"Mr. Vanrow will open them to-night?"

"Yes—he is pretty certain to do so. He always glances at his letters the first thing on entering the house when he has been away."

The man was growing impatient and prepared to close the door, but I prevented him by putting my foot against it.

"My business is very important. I will wait your master's arrival," I said.

Now that I knew the letter on which Ivan's fate depended was lying unopened in the house, I was almost beside myself with impatience to secure it. I tried to keep calm however, even when the footman refused point-blank to allow me to wait, saying he would be dismissed at once if he allowed anybody to bother his master at such an unseasonable hour, when he would be worn out with his journey. I had five kopecks left in my pocket. I gave the man one to prolong the conversation; with the other four I was contemplating the purchase of the compromising letter. This promised however to be a ticklish business.

"Among your master's letters," I said, rushing to the point before the effect of my douceur had passed off, "do you remember one in a blue envelope—a bulky one sealed with a green seal?"

"I remember it perfectly," the man said, in a tone which encouraged me; "it arrived this afternoon."

"That letter was sent in a moment of passion," I went on; "the sender wished it unsent."

"Well," asked my listener, in a tone which did not encourage me much—"well, what do you want me to do?"

"I have here four kopecks. To-morrow I can bring you much more, if you will allow me to take back that letter to the man who sent it, and who immediately afterwards wished it unsent."

I had misjudged the man. He made no reply, but the next moment had slammed the door in my face; and I found myself standing alone in the porch. However, I would not give up the case as hopeless, but stood there waiting, at intervals ringing the bell, till at last one of the sentinels in front of the house came and turned me away.

I was wild with anxiety. Here was dear old Ivan, who had been so good to me and in whom all my sister's happiness was bound up, a prisoner for ten hours longer, while in one hour the letter would be opened which would consign him, in all probability untried, to a Siberian mine or the scaffold. One hour was left in which I might save him—if by any means I could prevent that letter from being opened which was all the while lying within a few yards of me within the gloomy walls of General Vanrow's mansion. A dozen mad plans for saving Ivan flashed into my head. I would shoot the Chief of the Police; I would appeal to his generosity to give up the letter; I would burn down the house. But every plan seemed impracticable.

I wandered round and round the house and grounds, exciting the curiosity, I have no doubt, of the lazy-looking sentries who were placed at wide intervals around it. One of them, standing outside a small door in the garden-wall at the back, who seemed to eye me more curiously than the rest, startled me, as I was passing him for the third time, by saying, almost in a whisper—

"It is very cold this evening."

They were the very words which had been ringing in my ears ever since the wounded Nihilist fell dead immediately after uttering them. Almost mechanically I uttered the dying man's other remark—

"It is colder in the mines."

I was surprised at the effect of my words; instantly the man threw open the door before which he stood, and almost thrust me through into the dark garden.

"Quick," he whispered. "There is a light in the supper-room; his library is below!"

The next moment I heard the door close behind me, and I was left alone to meditate on the strange fortune which had given me an entrance to Vanrow's premises. I will admit that I was terribly frightened. I guessed of course that I had all unconsciously given the countersign of the "Red Fingers," and I had a vague impression that this traitor sentry had been admitting the whole society one at a time into the General's garden. I dared not stir for fear of being heard by one of them, and I crouched as silently as I could beneath the bushes which grew beside the path. Before me lay the dark house. On the first floor one window alone was illuminated; all the rest were in darkness. But, as I crouched there, shivering at every rustle of the trees around me, a light appeared in the room below. It was the General's library, the sentry had told me; and, as his words recurred to me, my heart seemed to stand still. For surely the General's letters would be waiting for him in that room, and the light might mean that the Head of the Police had returned and was about to open them! The thought brought back a little courage, and I nerved myself to creep along as noiselessly as I could towards the light. It was a terrible proceeding, for in the darkness I kept stumbling every moment over flowers and shrubs, and at every sound I made I thought my heart would jump into my mouth.

The Chief of the Police must have trusted very implicitly to the watch of his drowsy sentries, for the window behind which he sat was not even curtained, and, as he sat in the light of a small reading-lamp at his desk, any one with a revolver could have shot him easily enough from the spot to which I had crawled.

It was as I had feared; the opening of the letters had begun. They lay, a large pile of them, on the desk before him; and among them I recognized at once the fatal blue letter. There was no mistaking it; it lay in such a position that I could see the seal upon it in green wax. That was the communication certainly which threatened Ivan's freedom and my sister's happiness. But what could I do now that I had discovered it? How I anathematised the cowardice which had prevented me from trying to enter the room and secure it before Vanrow's arrival! It was too late now.

One by one the letters were torn open by the Head of the Police. The fatal missive was the seventh of those lying before him as I first caught sight of the interior of the room. Every moment the number in front of him was diminishing; every moment the time was coming nearer when I must do something for Ivan or leave him to his fate. And what to do I could not think. If I had had a revolver in my hand and had been able—which I doubt—to shoot straight, I fear that the General's moments would have been numbered, so determined was I to prevent his coming to that seventh letter.

At length however the moment came. The General took the missive in his hand and turned it over, examining the seal. Despair made me reckless. I rose from the spot where I had been crouching and advanced a step towards the window. I believe I actually forgot my own danger and the fact that, if I made the slightest sound, my own case would be almost as bad as Ivan's. One impulse alone possessed me—to prevent that compromising budget's being read. A moment more and I should have done something desperate; but, as if under the influence of my will, the General yawned and threw down the letter on his desk unopened. I drew back to the sheltering shade; and, as I did so, Vanrow rose and pushed back his chair. The next instant the room was in darkness; he had blown out the lamp.

I waited breathlessly, listening and watching for his shadow on the window of the room above, telling myself that, when I saw it, I would open the window noiselessly, steal into the library, and escape with the blue letter in my pocket. But, when the General's shadow did appear on the blind above, my task began to look a very formidable one. I tried to think of Eleanor's last words however, and crawled along to the window, crouching down beneath the sill and raising my arms to try and push up the sash. No sooner had I touched the woodwork than it moved, and I felt the window raised out of my grasp. I drew back my hands quickly, and crept close to the wall beneath the window, not daring to breathe. It was well I could draw myself into a small space, for a man's leg came out of the room right over me, and I could just feel it touch me as he stepped out. It was almost a miracle that the man passed over me. His movements were so altogether noiseless that I had quite a superstitious dread of him. Was it a spirit, I wondered, or one of the "Red Fingers?" And I scarcely knew which I feared the more. But the man's foot made no sound as he stole away from the house, and that reassured me a little.

He had left the window open. Now was the moment, I told myself, for me to enter the house and steal the letter. But I do not think I could have summoned up courage enough even then, with the window wide open for me, if it had not been that I was a little more afraid of the garden with the silent Nihilist creeping about it than of the house with only a matter-of-fact official inside. With very little noise I got into the room, and, feeling my way to the desk, groped over the top of it, where I had seen the letters lying. They were all gone! I stood there completely at a loss, and then, unwilling to give up hope, groped once more over the green cloth which covered the surface of the desk. Yes—the letters were gone. But upon the desk was something which I had not seen when I looked through the window—something square with metallic sides. I passed my hand over it wonderingly. How silent the room was! I could hear my watch ticking quite loudly, I thought. And then it flashed into my mind that my watch had been stolen—that the low steady ticking came from this metal box, over which my hand was wandering in its hopeless search for the letters. And with that I drew back my hand suddenly as if stung. But the next moment I was glad. There was time for me to escape surely, and then this terrible low-ticking machine would blow the blue letter into atoms—not a trace would be left—and with it, whether he had read it or not, the head of the Dolganief Police.

But it seemed such a pity for General Vanrow to be blown up if he had not read the letter. With a sudden impulse, I rushed to the door of the library and threw it open.

"Vanrow! General Vanrow!" I shouted.

He met me at the top of the stairs with a revolver in his right hand and a wine-glass from which he had been drinking still in his left.

"Quick—escape!" I screamed. "There is an infernal-machine in your library! It is going off! We shall be blown to atoms!"

He had run past me in a moment, and came out of the library with the box in his hand. I stood on the stairs unable to move, petrified by my curiosity to see what he would do.

"Come," he said—"you may help me!"—as he ran into the supper-room; and I followed just in time to see him wrench open the case with a carving-fork and stop the clockwork with his fingers.

"As far as I can judge, we have won by two minutes," he remarked coolly. "Did you see the thing placed?"

"A man passed me leaving the library window," I answered.

The General turned to a speaking-tube near him, and gave a few quickly-spoken orders through it.

"I will go and search the garden," he said to me. "The villains must not escape."

As he left the room, I glanced round anxiously. The apartment was a luxuriously-furnished one, and on the supper-table there was a sumptuous meal. But I scarcely noted these facts. What I wanted was the blue letter. There was a desk under the window similar to the one in the room below, and I searched every drawer of it; they were all empty however. Then I crossed the room to where thick curtains shut off a small inner room, and, as I drew them aside, I uttered an exclamation of joy, for lying on a small table at the farther end were all the letters which I had seen on the desk in the library. Vanrow had, as I suspected, carried them up-stairs with him. I turned them over quickly with trembling fingers. Yes—there was the blue letter for which I had undergone so much! I seized it eagerly. As I did so, the curtains were drawn aside, and, turning at the sound, I found myself, with the letter still in my hand, face to face with the Head of the Police.

"I am afraid he has escaped," he was saying as he entered. "There must be some treachery among my sentries;" and then, as he caught sight of the letter in my hand, he paused.

"That is so, or I should not be here," I said.

"And now I have to inquire," he began, in a slightly altered tone, "what you were doing so opportunely in my apartments, and how I can reward you for the service you have rendered me?"

He seemed a rather kind man. I saw there would be no good in attempting

any but the real explanation of my presence.

"I came to steal this letter," I said, holding it up. "May I claim as my reward the right to burn it unread by you?"

Yarrow raised his eyebrows.

"I assure you on my honor as an English gentleman"—and I drew myself up to the full extent of my sixty-three inches—"that to burn it will harm nobody. The writer wished it unsent almost as soon as it had left his hands."

"This is not a personal matter," replied General Yarrow, shrugging his shoulders. "My duty to the state——"

"Does not require you to read a letter which the writer wished unsent," I interrupted.

"It is a very hard thing you ask.

"Which gives you the greater pleasure in granting it."

The General smiled, and I held the letter in the flame of one of the candles which stood on the table.

* * * * * *

Poor Ivan, true to his promise, was seated alone with the two dead men whom I found him; the "Red Fingers" had changed their quarters long before. His face was the picture of despair.

"You should not have come here, Charlie," he groaned—"the police will follow you. But of course it does not matter—I have no chance now!"

For reply I pulled out of my pocket a handful of burnt paper, at the sight of which Ivan started to his feet with an almost terrible look of hope in his eyes.

"What is it, Charlie—what is it?"—"Why, the blue letter, of course!"

I laughed; and, when we were safe on board a British ship, I told him the whole story.

FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

To certain minds the literature of the "Gorgeous East" presents great attractions. It conjures up before us the Sultans, and Caliphs, and Ameers, with all their glittering retinues; and yet, though we are in their presence, and almost hear them speak, we are under no necessity of bowing three times to the death in order to escape being impaled.

Oriental literature pulls for us the glare of the desert and the beauty of the peacocks; but we suffer neither from the thirst of the one nor the screams of the other. Perhaps a few of the more unsophisticated still cherish the notion, in spite of the assertions of travelers, that the east is one great garden of mangoes and pomegranates, where soft-eyed maidens offer sweetmeats and sherbet to the weary traveler as he reclines, after his morning march, to listen to the last notes of the bulbul in a neighboring oleander grove.

If such there be, we would fain strengthen rather than shatter so harmless and picturesque a belief, and, perhaps, no better method could be found of giving an Englishman an idea of beauties that may, or may not, exist in Oriental lands than to invite him to peruse the writings of the early native historians of India and the neighboring realms.

There we find descriptions florid enough to suit the most flowery of lands; events which might seem ordinary in any other surroundings, are decked out in all the trappings of an Eastern imagination.

The use of metaphor is reduced to a fine art, and facility in this art is regarded as one of the brightest jewels in the diadems of princes.

Barni, the historian, puts among the first of Sultan Muhammad's good qualities that "he was an adept in the use of metaphor, and if any teacher of composition had sought to rival him, he would have failed."

From an Oriental point of view this is very high praise; its full significance will be better understood from the fact that when the Mogul Babar wrote his autobiography in a plain straightforward style, it was considered desirable to ornament it for the sake of the public, and accordingly a professional scribe was deputed to translate it into the more florid vulgar tongue. Both versions still exist, and are interesting to read together.

So much by way of preface. Let us now enrol ourselves among those whom Muhammad Hadi terms the "thirsty wanderers in the desert of history," and taste the refreshing sherbet of imagery which he and others are prepared to pour down our parched throats.

One of the first things that is impressed upon us is the exceeding glory of the Sultan for the time being (may his earth be cool!) and the trouble he has in managing the infidels (may their mouths be crammed with mud!) The beauty of the Sultan is transcendent: "His body is white as silver, and his face like hundreds of thousands of pictures." "Under his powerful sway the song of Islam is sung anew with a loud voice, and the rose of the principles of religion blooms and widely spreads its fragrances."

This, it may remarked in passing, was said of Jahanger, a drunken blackguard, whose crimes were more horrible than anything the western mind, not versed in the manners of the east, is capable of conceiving, even when haunted by the most terrible of nightmares. However, the description will serve for any Sultan. Meanwhile these paragons are surrounded by tradition, who as Hasan Nizimi expresses it, "are always shooting the arrow of deceit from the bow of refractoriness," little considering, as Asad Beg remarks "that the sun cannot be smeared with mud, nor the marks of the pen of destiny be erased by the penknife of treachery."

How truly does Muhammad Salah Tiba show that "this was exemplified in the revolt of Suraj Mal, son of Raja Ibasa, who overcome by excessive pride, and through vain ideas, having lost all his senses and becoming delirious through the fire of his madness, which burnt up the storehouse of his wits, had altogether eradicated the tree of allegiance by the fingers of insubordination, and having by his ridiculous fantasies and vile thoughts, made a breach in the fabric of obedience (as Magog in the wall of Alexander), and by the scratching of his bad fortune deformed with his own hand the face of his prosperity, the malignity of his dark fate, owing to the drunkenness of his neglect, made him break the bowl of his good faith."

In other words, he rebelled. Probably "ambition had long laid its egg in his head," to quote Barni again, and, in the language of Hasan Nizami, "the shrub of tyranny and commotion had shot forth its branches in the courtyard of his breast," thus replacing the tree of allegiance. Clearly "the vapor of pride had ascended into the hall of his brain."

Such a state of affairs bodes ill to a reigning monarch; in others—the words of "Abdu-l Badauni—there is a prospect of the barque of his hope being dashed to atoms by the whirlpool of calamity against the hill of death. Under such circumstances it behoves a conscientious vizier to remove "the cotton of heedlessness" from his sovereign's ears.

When a man uproots the tree of allegiance and sides with the infidels (may their end be miserable!) only two courses are open: either he must submit and "the water of sincerity must flow in his throat," he must "place the collar of obedience on the neck of his life and the saddle of servitude on his back," at the same time "binding the girdle of obedience round his waist," or he must be "cleansed from the odor of infidelity," and, as the great Timur (or "Tamerlane") himself remarks, "he must be sent to Jahannm, and the land must be purified from his foul existence."

It is in the description of this cleansing and purifying process that the Mussulman historian excels. If a true believer dies he merely "drinks the sherbet of mortality at the hands of the cup-bearer of Death," or he "tastes the wine of martyrdom," or—for such things do happen in the gorgeous east—he may perchance, "drink the sherbet of martyrdom from the hands of a Baluch, named Murid." Such was the fate of the brave Muhammad Salih. But when an infidel dies it is very different.

There is no sherbet or sharab for anyone outside the pale of Islam. When the Sultan "puts his foot in the stirrup of resolution" and sallies forth against them, "the heads of Brahmans and idolators dance from their necks," "their bodies are relieved from the weight of their rebellious heads," "each infidel bride, as she sees the Sultan, pass from her housetop, tears up her marriage settlements in despair."

STATISTICS shows that American women are growing taller and the men are getting smaller. While American husbands are bending over desks and work benches, American wives are stretching their necks to see what is on the bargain counters.

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JOSEPHINE INTRODUCED THE HANDKERCHIEF.—It was not until the reign of the Empress Josephine in France that the pocket handkerchief was tolerated at all as an article for public use. No lady would have dared to use one in the presence of others.

Even the name was carefully avoided in polite conversation. An actor who would have ventured to use one on the stage would have been hissed off the boards.

It was only in the beginning of the present century that Mlle. Douchesnois, a famous actress, dared to appear with a handkerchief in her hand. Having to speak of it in the course of the play she could only summon courage to refer to it as "a light tissue."

A translation of one of Shakespeare's plays by Alfred de Vigny was acted, and the word was used for the first time upon the stage and provoked a storm of indignant hisses from all parts of the house.

The Empress Josephine, although really a beautiful woman, had very bad teeth, and to conceal them she was in the habit of carrying small handkerchiefs trimmed with costly laces, which she raised gracefully to her lips to conceal her teeth. The ladies of the court followed her example, and handkerchiefs rapidly became an important part of the feminine toilet.

THE STORY OF ZERO.—The word "zero" is from the Spanish and means empty, hence nothing. It was first used for a thermometer in 1795 by a Prussian merchant named Fahrenheit.

From a boy he was a close observer of nature, and when only 19 years old, in the remarkably cold winter of 1709, he experimented by putting snow and salt together and noticed that it produced a degree of cold equal to the coldest day of the year.

And that day being the coldest that the oldest inhabitant could remember, Fahrenheit was the more struck with the coincidence of his little scientific discovery, and hastily concluded that he had found the lowest degree of temperature known in the world, either natural or artificial.

He called the degree zero and constructed a thermometer, or rude weather glass, with a scale graduating up from zero to boiling point, which he numbered 212, and the freezing point 32, because, as he thought, mercury contracted the thirty-second of its volume on being cooled down from the temperature of freezing water to zero, and expanded the one-hundred-and-eightieth on being heated from the freezing to the boiling point.

EXPEDITIONS BUT RATHER TRYING.—An Hibernian, fresh from the green isle, having sufficient means to provide himself with a horse and cart (the latter kind probably he never saw before), went to work on a public road. Being directed by the overseer to move a lot of stones near by and deposit them in a gully on the other side of the road, he forthwith loaded his cart, drove up to the place, and had nearly finished throwing off his load by hand, when the "boss" told him that was not the way—he must tilt or dump his load at once. Paddy replied he would know better next time. After loading again, he drove to the chasm, put his shoulder to the wheel, and upset the cart, horse, and all into the gully. Scratching his head, and looking rather doubtful at his horse below him, he observed, "Bedad, it's a mighty expeditious way, but it must be tryin' to the baste."

EIGHT years ago an Atchison (Kan.) woman's husband went away on a trip. A year passed by and she heard nothing of her missing husband until a friend in California sent her a clipping from a newspaper giving a name very much like her husband's and saying he had been murdered by desperadoes. Several years later the woman married again. A short time ago husband No 1 arrived in Atchison and inquired of an old acquaintance for his wife, who told him of her second marriage. He, however, visited his wife and met his successor. He said that he had been in Oregon prospecting, and had hoped to return home a rich man, but did not "strike it," and explained that the second marriage was all right. He left the next morning, and has not been heard from since.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A phenomenon is causing much excitement in scientific circles at Martinsburg, Ohio. In the rear of a residence in the village there is a continual shower of mist over a space of a dozen feet square. The mist is said to fall whether the weather is rainy or clear, but is most pronounced between the hours of 1 and 2 P. M., when a mirror held up instantly becomes covered with a moisture. Professors of the Ohio University are investigating, but as yet can give no explanation of the phenomenon.

A certain woman in Cincinnati formerly at the head of the most fashionable school in this city, had an experience in financial matters which the bank is still chuckling over. She overdrew her account $32 and was duly notified by the bank of that fact. Surprised, she called at the bank and told them she would look over the checks and see how the mistake occurred. A week went by and she was again notified by the bank. She wrote a very nice letter to them, apologizing for her remissness, and inclosed a check for $32 on the same bank, just as if that would cancel her indebtedness.

A writer in Science says that there is no element of speech so variously pronounced in dialect and by individuals as the letter R. All varieties, he explains, are derived from a fractional omission of breath or a voice between two surfaces in the breath channel. It may be made in the throat, in the guttural passage between the back of the tongue and the soft palate, between the arched top of the tongue and the roof of the mouth—common in the United States, the normal R, produced between the point of the tongue and the upper gum, and by transferring the sound from the tongue to the lips so that R has the sound of W. Another series results from a rattling organic vibration instead of a mere friction of the breath or voice.

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Our Young Folks.

ON THE WAY HOME.

BY A. S.

OH, DEAR, oh dear!" sighed Maria. "What a long way it is to England!"

She hugged her doll more closely in her arms, and looked wistfully at the four children from Barbadoes, who were playing deck quoits close by. Her sister Lilith said nothing, but shading her eyes with her hand, gazed out over the dazzling sea.

"You're so impatient," said her nurse. "Look at those little dears, how good they are, amusing themselves and as happy as possible."

Meta was silent, but in her heart she thought this very unfair. She had been on board four days longer than they had, so she had more reason to be tired. Then they had been sea-sick, while she had been ill for a week, and even now felt giddy if the steamer rolled just a little more than usual. And they could run about all over the ship, while she had to sit still for hours on her low chair, with her lame foot resting on a stool.

Tears sprang to her eyes as she thought of all this, but nurse was watching her quoits, and so did not see that she had made her little charge cry by her injustice.

Meta dried the tears on her doll's soft hair. There was one comforting thought to cheer her. That clever doctor she was going to see in England would be almost sure to make her foot quite well, and then she too could run about and play. Her father was taking her to the doctor, and when the foot was cured he would bring her home again to mamma and the darling baby, and the dear old black servant, whom in her heart she loved better than her white nurse. But Lilith was going to school in England, and would remain there for three or four years.

Meta knew the names of those other children—she had listened to them as they chattered to each other until she had learned them all. The rosy-faced boy in the sailor suit was Duncan, the chubby little fellow in the leggings was Monty, the little girl, who looked the same age as Monty, was Jeanie, and the eldest girl with the broad shady hat, who carried her skipping-rope everywhere, was Margery, and their surname was Douglas.

How happy and smiling Margery looked! Meta thought she could not mind if the voyage lasted for a month.

"Nurse," said Lilith suddenly, "I feel giddy, my eyes ache with the glare. Please take me down to the cabin."

Nurse jumped up, pulled Lilith's hand through her arm, and led her away. Meta was left alone, with nothing to do but listen to what the others said.

Duncan turned away from the quoits and pushed back his hair from his eyes.

"Oh, I'm tired of this old game," he exclaimed. "I wish mother would get well, and come up and tell us a tale. What shall we do?"

"Look out for flying fishes," suggested Margery.

"The captain says there won't be any more; it isn't hot enough. I say! You see those two gentlemen reading over there?"

Margery nodded.

"This side one's name is Mr. Murray, and he's been to England lots of times. He told me so. Let's go and ask him to tell us all about it."

Margery blushed at the boldness of this idea, but Duncan did not wait for her to say "no." He led the way, Monty and Jeanie close behind him, while she followed shyly last of all.

"I say," said Duncan, stopping in front of the gentleman with the beard, "Mr. Murray! You know London?"

Mr. Murray laid down his book and stared at the children in astonishment.

"Well," he said, thoughtfully stroking his beard, "what then?"

"Couldn't you tell us all what it's like?" stammered Duncan, getting redder than even the sun and wind had made him. He was half inclined to run away, the stranger looked at him so hard, with such an amused twinkle in his eyes.

"Oh, certainly," said Mr. Murray, the next minute, "anything to be useful. Sit down, and I'll do my best. But first, let's fetch your little lame sister. She looks lonely over there."

Before they had time to explain that she was not one of them, he brought Meta, chair and footstool and all, and placed her close by his side.

Meta said "Thank you, sir," in a timid voice, and they all gazed at him expectantly.

"London, my young friends," he began, "is a wonderful and bewildering place."

Monty, not caring for such long words, wandered off to a short distance, but the others were all attention.

"The sun very seldom shines, and in winter it is sometimes so dark in the day that unless the gas were lighted you could not see each other's faces. The air is thick and yellow, and makes your eyes smart when you try to look through it. Sometimes pieces of white stuff come falling, out of the sky, till the ground is covered with them, and looks dazzling white—whiter than the roads with the moonlight on them in Jamaica; and sometimes pieces of black fall from the sky, and everything that you touch makes your hands dirty.

"And then at other times—"

"He's making it all up," grumbled Monty, and he now wandered farther, looking out for some fresh amusement. He soon found himself at the foot of the steep ladder-like stairs up which the captain used to go to his cabin on the upper deck. Monty scrambled up them like a monkey, and seeing no one about peered curiously into the captain's cabin.

Meanwhile the story went on, and Meta and the Douglas children laughed at each other when it was funny, and Margery drew close to Meta, and put her hand on Meta's knee. Then Meta slipped hers into it, and so they sat, and felt like old friends.

But the most delightful hours come to an end, and just as Mr. Murray paused, after describing what a fire-place was like—a thing that the children had never heard of before—Meta's nurse came up and said quite severely—

"Come, Miss Meta, I've got to sit in the cabin with Miss Lily, so you must come down too."

And giving Meta her crutch, she led her unwillingly away. Directly after came Mrs. Douglas's black maid, Amanda.

"You muss all come an' be wash an' dress now, ready for tea," she said. "Where Mass Monty?"

"He wanted away d'reckly the story beginned," said Jeanie, scrambling to her feet.

"Oh, let's look for him, quick!" cried Margery, starting up too, with her face quite pale. "I forgot all about him. He may be in all sorts of mischief. Monty! Monty! Where are you?"

Duncan only stopped to say, "Thank you, sir!" to Mr. Murray, and then started off with a shout of "Monty! Monty, old boy!" to look for his small brother. There was no answer. Then began a search, high and low, and calls of "Monty!" were heard in every direction, while the children's mother slept soundly in her berth, happily unconscious that one of her darlings was nowhere to be found.

Up to the upper deck, down again and all round the ship from the stern to the bows and back down to the saloon, into all the unoccupied cabins, the search party went; and Duncan even penetrated into the mysterious regions lower down still.

They asked the captain, the purser, the cook, the chief officer, the other passengers—nobody had seen him.

At last Amanda sat down on the clean white boards and began to cry. Little Jeanie began to cry too. Duncan pulled Margery to the side, and looked down into the deep blue waves, with a face that was almost as white as the sea-foam below.

"Can he have tumbled overboard?" he asked, in an awe-struck whisper. He can't be on the ship, because I've looked everywhere."

The captain came up to them. "Found him?" he asked, rather sharply.

They both answered in trembling voices, "No."

"The little rascal's hiding to frighten you," said the captain. "But we'll soon rout him out." And he called up two sailors, and gave them orders to hunt for the child, and find out where he had hidden. Duncan followed them, and Margery waited with the captain.

At last they all came back, and reported that the little fellow was certainly not to be found. Upon this, Margery, trembling like a leaf, darted down to her mother's cabin.

Poor Mrs. Douglas—awakened out of her first comfortable sleep on board to hear such a tale! She rushed on deck, her hair all rough from sleep, and her eyes looking wild and scared.

"Monty! Where's Amanda? Where's the captain?" And without waiting for an answer she flew to the upper deck, and lifted her hand to rattle on the door of the captain's room, when there was a loud laugh within, the door was thrown back and the captain himself appeared, with Monty in his arms.

Mrs. Douglas snatched the boy from him and dropped into the captain's deck chair which stood close by, holding Monty close and burying her face in his neck, while she laughed and cried at once.

"The young rascal had crept into my bunk, pulled the clothes over him, and gone fast asleep," said the captain, still laughing. "Nobody thought of looking there. I shouldn't have found him myself, only I sat down on his legs."

Margery slipped quietly away, to recover from her fright by crying in the solitude of the music saloon. There Meta found her, and comforted her, and listened to her story; and before that day was over they had become such great friends that the friendship lasted till they both grew to be women.

PRESERVATION OF THE SIGHT.—When it becomes difficult to read in a dull light, or the eyes feel tired and distressed after some unusual labor, it is time to aid them by the use of glasses, unpleasant as the thought may be. The eyeball is perhaps irregular (astigmatic), or the delicate eye-structures are diseased. In either case attempts to cure by waiting, or to relieve by persistent straining, are very liable to increase the discomfort and danger.

Many people can see well in the distance and pride themselves on their "good sight," but whenever they attempt close work for any time, they experience more or less itching of the lids, increased flow of tears, and blurring or swimming of the object looked at.

These are "far-sighted," and have to exert the "focussing muscle" so much that in time the eye becomes very weak and distressed. The sooner treatment of this trouble is commenced, the easier is relief effected.

Persons who are "near-sighted" so frequently have other associated weaknesses and diseases about the eyes that the only safe rule has been found to be that each case should be placed under qualified oversight and direction.

Changes go on from month to month, which, if improperly cared for, result quite frequently in irremediable conditions and disastrous loss of vision. So far from complaining, then when the need for glasses becomes imperative one should be thankful that such a simple means of relief is readily available, and hasten to avail himself of it; for usually there is risk of probable harm if one is led to inaction or wrong action, or to delay proper action for too long a time. Better repeated expenses for timely examinations than a single mistake in not seeking one soon enough. Neither time nor money is worth considering when the most valuable of all—the senses—is in danger.

WOMEN IN MEXICO.—There is progress in Mexico as elsewhere. Mexican ladies are no longer obliged to content themselves with the slight and frivolous education which they formerly received.

Excellent schools have been opened for them, and many of the best institutions, which hitherto admitted men only, now receive women as well.

Annoying social restraints have been abolished, and a lady may now walk alone through the streets with no more fear of molestation than in London or Paris. But a short time ago such an attempt would have been rendered very disagreeable to her.

The best proof of the change in public opinion is, however, the founding of the School of Arts and Trades for Women, wherein three hundred and sixty-eight pupils receive from the government, free of charge, not only instruction, but materials and apparatus for work, and two substantial meals every day.

Several trades are taught in this school and orders are taken and executed for upholstery, book-binding, and the making of clothes for charitable institutions.

A shop is also a part of the establishment, in which, among other samples of the handiwork of the scholars, beautiful artificial flowers are especially noticeable and meet with a ready sale.

Mexico is moving onward. Such an institution is a hint to us, though we flatter ourselves that what we do not know about education is not worth knowing.

HOUSEMAID: "It does my heart good to see you and the baby together. It's a pretty picture. Sure, an' he's the image of you." Fond mother: "But they all say that he looks like his father, Mary." Housemaid: "Bless your soul, mum, he's not good looking enough for that!"

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A postal card was sold in Paris for $50 a short time ago.

Shark River, N. J., lays claim to a dog which catches crabs.

Mexico has 22,500 miles of telegraph, and 9000 miles of railroads.

Potatoes claimed to weigh three pounds are among the products of Asotin county, Wash.

Nathaniel Brown, colored, of Baltimore, drank three pints of whisky on a bet and died.

An inmate of Sing Sing Prison has composed a number of songs, which he shows to visitors.

J. L. Douglas, of Humboldt county, Cal., is the possessor of a beard reputed to be 47 inches long.

Human nature is so constituted that all see and judge better in the affairs of other men than in their own.

George A. Warren, of Indianapolis, Ind., has a spoon which he claims was made in England 230 years ago.

Mrs. Metcalf Beck, of Warsaw, Ind., broke a bone just above the ankle joint a few days ago while her foot was asleep.

A Hamilton, Ill., colored man recently located his mother, from whom he was sold in slave days. She lives in Augusta, Ga.

A gentleman in Tacoma recently gave a dinner to 20 people, the dining-room being the interior of the trunk of a tree on his estate.

Henry V. Steers, who has been on the New York police force for 35 years, is reported never to have had a charge preferred against him.

Twelve years ago there were 70 mining companies in full blast in the State of Maine. It is said that to-day not a single one of them exists.

A new variety of wheat, the grains of which are almost twice as large as the ordinary kernels, has been grown this season near Moscow, Wash.

The Pettijohn family, of Walla Walla, Wash., consists of ten people, who are reputed to average 241 pounds in weight and 6 feet 6 inches in height.

A hen, the property of A. D. Neilson, of Asheville, N. C., laid an egg a few days ago, on the shell of which is plainly pictured a United States flag, minus the stars.

It is never safe to take a long afternoon walk in the desert of Sahara without an overcoat; for while it may be oppressively hot during the day it is very cold at night.

A well-informed statistician stated that more Jewish synagogues have been set up in this country during the past 10 years than in all previous years of American history.

Gratitude is an actual emotion which it is safe to calculate on—in Japan. The doctors in that country present no bills and yet make a good living. Patients pay what they please.

In Alachua and other counties in Florida, a short time ago, there was a shower of fine spider webs, which covered the ground for miles. Enough fell, it is said, to start a cotton factory.

The Chief of Police at Sacramento, recently reprimanded a patrolman, whereupon the latter is said to have given him a good thrashing, and then went about his accustomed duties.

A glass factory at Liverpool has glass journal boxes for all its machinery, a glass floor, glass shingles on the roof, and a smoke-stack 105 feet high built wholly of glass bricks, each a foot square.

A mammoth cheese will be exhibited at the World's Fair by Perth, Ont. It is to be seven feet high and nine feet in diameter, and will require for its making the milk of 400 cows for three days.

A new dish appeared lately on the menus of Swiss table d'hotes which puzzled every one who read only its name—Airotin. Those who risked a trial were amused to find an old friend—Irish stew.

If it were possible to cut sections out of the side of soap bubbles, and then by some delicate contrivance handle the pieces, there would be required 30,000,000 films laid one upon another to make a pile one inch in height.

Experiments with different kinds of lights for libraries show that 600 hours of an electric light of 144-candle power produced no yellowing effect upon the leaves of books, while 240 hours of a 50-candle gas light produced a noticeable change of tone.

Oliver Scott, an infant child living at La Fontaine, Ind., is distinguished from the fact that he has eleven living grandparents. Considering how great a blessing it is for an Indianian to have a grandfather, the infantile Oliver is entitled to congratulations.

The schooner Oulina has arrived at Cape Breton from Labrador with a colony of Eskimo for the World's Fair. The colony consists of 13 families, or 37 Eskimo, ranging in age from 5 months to 60 years, and has all its paraphernalia, including 24 dogs, with it. The vessel will proceed to Boston.

GOOD-NIGHT!

BY W. W. LORD.

Across the distance broad and vast
I send you, sweet, good-night;
My spirit lips above you breathe
And kiss your forehead white.

Your waxen lids with drooping lash
Hide your soft eyes of tender light;
I kiss them in your slumber dreams,—
Good-night, my sweet, good-night!

In dreams I hold and kiss you, love,
In happy dreams so bright;
Thro' all the shadow hours you're mine,
My bonny love, good-night!

SLAVONIC CUSTOMS.

Whether the cause is to be found in the peculiar tenacity of the Slavonic nations for the traditions of their forefathers, or in their hitherto greater isolation from the quicker current of Western life, it is certain that to-day survive amongst the unlettered and imaginative Slavonian peasantry more numerous and more ancient ceremonials and observances than in any other European country.

And marriage being the most interesting and important incident in a quiet rural life, it is natural that customs appertaining thereto should survive the longest. These customs appeal more particularly to the female peasants, and such as become the mothers of the land, they hand down the usages and traditions to their children.

Many of the marriage forecastings centre around the time-honored Christmas Eve. In Poland, Bulgaria, and Servia it is usual for curious maidens to throw rings, or melted lead and wax, into a vessel filled with water, and while fishing these out to sing old songs, the verses of which foretell as they catch each object the peculiarities of their future husbands.

In some districts of Poland, bread and money are mixed with the hay which on Christmas Eve underlies the table-cloth; the girl that—in the dark—draws out money is promised a wealthy spouse; but she who draws bread only must expect poverty as her life-dowry. Peasant maidens at nightfall on Christmas Eves go solitary and in silence to the woodhouse, there they gather an armful of chips, which they carry, yet alone and silently, into the kitchen and carefully count. If the number be even, they will marry; but if the number be odd, single-blessedness threatens them.

It is customary in Polish villages to strew straw over the Christmas Eve supper-tables, and for the young people blindfold, or in the dark, to pick out each a straw therefrom. Should the straw be green, the lucky maiden expects to wear a bridal wreath, or the youth to lead a blushing bride to the altar, during the approaching year; but a dried straw foretells to either long waiting, possibly even until death.

In other rural Polish districts, on the "Christ's Eve," wine, beer, and water are placed by a girl between two candles on a table. She then retires into a corner of an adjoining room to watch the result reflected in a mirror hung for this purpose. If, as the clock strikes midnight, a man enters and drinks the wine, she is happy, for her wooer will be rich. Should he drink the beer, she may be content, for the wooer will be "well-to-do." If the water be chosen, her husband will be very poor. But if as the clock strikes no man comes to her table, the anxious maiden shivers with more than midnight terror, believing that she is doomed to be early the bride of Death.

Poland is peculiarly rich in these observances spreading themselves throughout the year, both sexes being equally superstitious in this respect.

On New Year's Eve the young unmarried men place themselves before a fire, and, bending down, look beneath their legs. Should a woman appear in the background, it is the one they will marry; but if they see a shape as of a coffin, it forebodes for them death during the year close at hand.

Midsummer Eve is also a favorite epoch for looking into the future. Polish maidens at this time throw wreaths of flowers and bouquets into rivers and brooks. If the flowers float undamaged out of their sight, the omen is good; but should the wreaths break, or flowers sink before their eyes, they go home with dark visions of the future.

Slavonic maidens will also go into the gardens in the Midsummer Eve twilight and shake the fence heartily. Should a dog bark westward, they look to the west for a lover. If the dog barks in the east, they look expectantly eastward for a spouse. If no dog barks, the silence is anything but good; and the poor girl returns heavy-hearted to rejoin the merry groups gathered to celebrate the midsummer festival, in ancient times considered the most important of the year.

In some Prussian villages it is customary for the maiden to drop flowers into a glass of water, chanting somewhat thus:

I am athirst;
Give me to drink, my beloved!

with the hope that the image of a favorite swain. Another custom is to throw wreaths of flowers over their heads backwards against a tree. If the wreath catches and hangs upon a branch at the first throw, the girl throwing it will become a bride within the first succeeding year. If it catches at the second throw, then her bridal will be the second year. And so on. They also, singing softly appropriate and old-time love-songs, lay flowers beneath their pillows to dream a midsummer night's dream of their destined husbands.

In other districts the girls sow hempseeds in a garden, or flower-pot, on St. Anthony's Eve, and confidently expect to dream that night of their true lovers. Should the sowing be hallowed by as many Paternosters as she has years, the sower implicitly believes in the result; and if then she dreams not, it is to her credulous mind certain that no bridal wreath will deck her head or any true-hearted lover lead her home.

THE famous Gothenburg system of managing the liquor traffic was initiated at Gothenburg, Sweden, in 1865. Under this system the town authorities contract for three years with a limited company, which takes all the licenses for selling spirits and hands over to the city the net proceeds of the sales. Between 1866 and 1876 the arrests for drunkenness in Gothenburg showed an average decrease of 22 per cent.

Grains of Gold.

To-morrow is the fool's seed time.

It is hard to kill a sin that appears to pay well.

Stop hunting for faults and go to looking for good in others.

Many very good-looking people are deformed on the inside.

More good advice would be taken if it were given in a good way.

He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.

No man can be a successful hypocrite and amount to much at anything else.

Many people are gloomy because they believe all their joys are behind them.

Speaking ill of other people is only a round-about way of bragging on ourselves.

Find a man who doubts and you find one who is weak. Without faith there is no strength.

How soon the millenium would come if the good things people intend to do to-morrow were only done to-day!

One ought always to be mindful of the first syllable of the word "conversation," and talk with people, not to them.

A man who can, in cold blood, hunt and torture a poor, innocent animal, cannot feel much compassion for the distress of his own species.

Most people call fretting a minor fault—a foible and not a vice. But there is no vice, except it be drunkenness, which can so utterly destroy the peace and happiness of a home.

Femininities.

Yale College has about 30 female students.

Denmark has an old maids' insurance company.

Brooklyn's women's clubs have about 10,000 members.

A sachet for scenting stockings is the latest tomfoolery.

Two Japanese girls are among the students enrolled in the University of Michigan.

"So far so good," as the boy said when he had finished the first pot of his mother's jam.

"Always use small words, my son," said Mr. Wiseman; "then if you have to swallow them you will be less likely to choke."

The man who began keeping a diary at the first of the year is still keeping it, but he now uses the pages as cigarette papers.

"It was a case of love at first sight, was it not?" "There was no sight about it. She got on the blind side of him from the start."

The man who is wise will not get into the habit of lounging around the parlor. In a few years his girl babies will grow up and put him out.

A Jackson, Ohio, couple eloped on two stolen mules a few days ago. The bride is only 14 years of age, while the groom is 45 years old.

Mrs. Charles Griffith, 70 years old, of Eagle Point, Oregon, is reputed to have killed 5 skunks, 10 squirrels, 2 rats and 1 rabbit in three weeks.

"Miss Wickerstaff appears to be particularly popular among the young fellows of 20 or thereabouts." "Yes; she has a way of talking to them about 'you men.'"

Jess: "They didn't scare George any by telling him that Ethel was a hothouse plant." Bess: "What did he say?" Jess: "Just what he wanted—a summer girl all the year round."

A cat gave birth to a kitten with 8 legs, at Logan, W. T., the other day. One side of the kitten is covered with black and white stripes, while the other is spotted nearly every color of the rainbow.

Invalid wife: "John, dear, I do hope if you should ever marry again you will find a better wife than I have been." John: "There, there, my love, don't worry; there will be no trouble about that."

In the Rome, Ga., court, lately, a man weighing over 200 pounds was the plaintiff in a divorce suit, the alleged grounds being cruel treatment. The defendant was a small woman about 20 years old.

"Jennie," said he, "I shall go to your father and ask his consent at once." "Wait, George; don't be impatient. Wait until my dressmaker's bill comes in. He will be more willing to part with me then."

Children's clothes can be made uninflammable by adding to the last rinse water two ounces of pulverized alum. A prominent English chemist says that all children's dresses should be thus treated.

A true history of the world is also a record of the wrongs of woman. Her happiness, her sorrows and her misfortunes are not estimated as they should be. She deserves Heaven as a compensation for her bad treatment on earth.

Artist, as a hint to his friend: "Bless me! Five o'clock! I had no idea it was so late. How quickly time does fly now!" Yankee: "Which I calc'late it's all owin' to the vast improvements effected in clocks by our great country."

Swedish women vote in the cities for municipal councillors, and in the country for members of the county council; and as the latter body appoint the members of the upper Chamber of Diet, the women may be said to exercise a direct power in Swedish affairs.

A lady in Toronto got to laughing over some amusing incident, and couldn't stop. Finally the doctor was called in, but he couldn't quiet her; and she might have died laughing if a telegram had not arrived just then saying that her husband's mother was coming on a visit.

There is rejoicing among the friends of temperance in the fact that they now number an English Duchess among their ranks. The new Duchess of Bedford, hitherto the Marchioness of Tavistock, is a strict teetotaler. Other lady members of the English nobility who have enlisted in the cause of temperance are Lady Henry Somerset, the Countess of Carlisle and the Countess of Ellesmere.

The original Roman mother is popularly supposed to have been a wolf, from whose breasts the founders of the city received their infantile nourishments. This process has been reversed, according to a story now current. A Roman mother of the present day, the wife of a shoemaker, had noticed for some days that her supply of milk was exhausted every morning, although her infant had not nursed during the night. Finally a fat snake was discovered under the bed, and the mother is now convinced that the reptile had been regularly taking her infant's place while she slept.

Masculinities.

He who is penitent is almost innocent.

Men who are glad to have a deaf ear turned to them—Aurists.

Many a man has won a boy's heart by helping him to make a kite.

A man's idea of economy is in telling his wife how to save money.

What young men like and old men don't like—The coming of age.

Metaphysics is like a man splitting a log. When it is done he has two more to split.

A Chicago man sizes up New York city as a town with one street and a few alleys.

Lord Rosebery is reputed to provide his ploughmen on his farm with the daily and all the leading agricultural papers.

A Paris physician is authority for the statement that 40 people are annually prepared for burial in France while still alive.

Four brothers who are priests in Cincinnati lately assisted a younger brother, who had just been ordained, in celebrating his first Mass.

Many a small man never ceases talking about small sacrifices he makes; but he is a great man who can sacrifice everything and say nothing.

An 8-year-old Spokane, Wash., boy has been sent to the reform school because he had become an inveterate tobacco chewer and general tough.

Somebody asked the 4-year-old son of a friend what he would do if his father died. "Why," said the youngster, "I'd wear my new boots to the funeral."

Diogenes infers from the fact that Marc Antony announced his mission was "to bury Cæsar, not to praise him," that he must have been an undertaker.

The coach that carried President Lincoln's body from Washington to Illinois is now stationed at North Platte, Neb., and will be sent to the World's Fair.

Grace: "How did Mrs. Duton manage to have so many men at her tea?" Rosalie: "Oh, she had the wine list printed on the back of the cards she sent out.

A gentleman, whose watch had been stolen by a pickpocket, declared that he could not imagine how it could have been taken, as it was continually on its guard.

Last year Planter Wolf, of Knoxville, Ark., had an arm pulled off while showing a negro how to operate a cotton gin. Recently, while instructing another negro, he lost his other arm.

"Herr" Pollok, of Europe, who is now in this country, says the art of conversation is lost, and he is trying to revive it by showing how he can speak at the rate of 500 words a minute.

M. Ernest Guiraud, the clever French musician, was renowned for his deferential courtesy. It is said of him that he was once overheard, on leaving his house, apologizing to himself for going first.

Gordon MacKay, of Boston, according to a paper of that city, not only gives his divorced wife $25,000 a year, but has withdrawn the proviso that she shall receive it only so long as she remains unmarried.

First rival, sadly: "Well, old man, I suppose I must congratulate you. She has declined me." Second rival, mournfully: "Why, she also refused me last night. It must be Brown." Both: "Let's go and lick him."

Console yourself, dear man and brother; whatever you may be sure of, be sure at least of this, that you are dreadfully like other people. Human nature has a much greater genius for sameness than for originality.

A dear old gentleman, the father of a large family, on being asked which were his favorites among his children, innocently replied: "I never had any favorites among them; but, if I had had, they'd have been John and Mary."

C. Vaughn, of Azusa, in Los Angeles county, Cal., has apricot trees which yielded 700 pounds each, for which he received one cent a pound. Seven acres of apricots owned by H. P. Gray, at Le Moore, Tulare county, yielded $2100.

A London woman, being tired of female servants, hired a boy to do the housework. She was summoned for unlawfully keeping a man servant without a license. She paid a fine, with testimony to the superiority of boy servants over girls.

Before dipping a new pen into ink thrust it into a fresh-cut potato, and the ink will never cling. When the pen is thickly gummed with dried ink, a few thrusts will clean it perfectly. When not in use, some accountants leave their pens sticking into a potato kept on the desk for the purpose.

As a general rule people who flagrantly pretend to anything are the reverse of that which they pretend to. A man who sets up for a saint is sure to be a sinner, and a man who boasts that he is a sinner is sure to have some feeble, maudlin, snivelling bit of saintship about him which is enough to make him a humbug.

ESTHETIC BIRDS.

The most remarkable instance of æstheticism among birds is that exhibited by the Australian bower-birds, who build long galleries in which to play, adorning them with shells, feathers, leaves, bones, or any colored or glittering object which comes in their way. Captain Stokes described one of these bower-birds as taking a shell alternately from each side of the bower and carrying it through in its beak.

Lumholtz describes several of these play-houses of the bower-birds; he says they are always to be found "in small brush-woods, never in the open field; and in their immediate vicinity the bird collects a mass of different kinds of objects, especially snail-shells, which are laid in two heaps, one at each entrance—the one being always much larger than the other. There are frequently hundreds of shells, about three hundred in one heap and thirty in the other. There is usually a handful of green berries partly inside and partly outside the bower."

He also in his interesting book, "Among Cannibals," describes a play-ground of what would appear to be a different species of this bird, showing even greater æsthetic taste. "On the top of the mountains I heard in the dense scrubs the loud and unceasing voice of a bird. I carefully approached it as it sat on the ground, and shot it. It was one of the bower-birds, with a gray and very modest plumage, and of the size of a thrush. As I picked up the bird, my attention was drawn to a fresh covering of green leaves on the black soil. This was the bird's place of amusement, which beneath the dense scrubs formed a square about a yard each way, the ground having been cleared of leaves and rubbish. On this neatly-cleared spot, the bird had laid large fresh leaves, one by the side of the other, with considerable regularity; and close by he sat singing, apparently extremely happy over his work. As soon as the leaves decay they are replaced by new ones. On this excursion I saw three such places of amusement all near each other, and all had fresh leaves from the same kind of trees, while a large heap of dry withered leaves was lying close by. It seems that the bird scrapes away the mould every time it changes the leaves, so as to have a dark background, against which the green leaves make a better appearance. Can any one doubt that this bird has the sense of beauty?"

"The satin bower-bird," says Darwin, "collects gaily-colored articles, such as the blue tail-feathers of parrakeets, bleached bones and shells, which it sticks between the twigs or arranges at the entrance. Mr. Gould in one bower a neatly-worked stone tomahawk and a slip of blue cotton, evidently procured from a native encampment. The bower of the spotted bower-bird is beautifully lined with tall grasses so disposed that the heads nearly meet; and the decorations are very profuse. Round stones are used to keep the grass-stems in their proper places, and to make divergent paths leading to the bower."

There is, however, another species of bird which unites cruelty with its love for the beautiful. This is the butcher-bird, which adorns the thorns around its nest with bees, flies, and other small insects, and even young birds, thus providing for itself, as it would seem, a variety of meat hung till tender, or even a little "high," to suit its gastronomic tastes; and hence its name. But it seems doubtful whether these things are intended to serve as food; in some cases they are certainly impaled simply to gratify the æsthetic taste of the cruel little executioner; and it has been noticed that the insects chosen are usually of a bright color or lustrous in appearance. In countries where gaily-colored insects abound, this is particularly noticeable; and in South Africa the cruel thorns of the mimosa are adorned with bright-hued beetles, locusts, humble-bees, small birds, and frogs, and sometimes little snakes or lizards, marking the home of the butcher-bird.

Mr. Sliptongue: "I have not met your wife. Is she here this evening?"

Mr. Handsome: "Yes, but just at this moment she is engaged—over there at the piano."

Mr. Sliptongue, with affected enthusiasm: "Ah, I see. She is that goddess like beauty who is playing an accompaniment for the mountain of flesh who is singing."

Mr. Handsome (stiffly): "My wife does not play. She sings."

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is sold everywhere, and it always cures coughs and colds.

A Disappointment.—A Paris correspondent recalls a story of the unsuccessful efforts of a citizen of Marseilles to hear Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" in that city. Employed by a corporation not in the habit of giving holidays, he at last succeeded, after waiting thirty years, in obtaining a two days' leave of absence. It was his only chance, and he came to Paris as rapidly as the "tram express" would bring him. As luck would have it, they were playing the "Huguenots."

Needless to say that he rushed off to the opera the moment after he had reached his hotel, bought an expensive seat, and was on hand to claim it as soon as the doors were opened.

Physical weariness, however, is more potent than even the prospect of the gratification of a long-delayed desire. Our worthy connoisseur had been all "broken up" by his long journey by rail, and when he took his coveted seat was half dead with fatigue.

What happened was provoking, although altogether natural. Bored by the long wait before the rising of the curtain, he first yawned, then stretched himself out in his too comfortable position, and in a few seconds was fast asleep.

About a quarter past twelve the well-known janitor, Louis——, came to awaken the tired traveller.

"What! eh? Going to begin?"

"No," replied the employe, "it has just finished. You must go home."

The poor man took the train back to Marseilles; and, it is said, died without having seen the famous "Huguenots."

Lawyers in Iceland.—One of the editors of the American Law Review spent his summer vacation in Iceland, and crossed that island twice on horseback, and then sailed round it. He spent over a month in the interior of the country, sleeping every night in some farm house. He had a good opportunity to observe the state of civilization in that far-off and most interesting country.

The island had about seventy-three thousand inhabitants at the last census, and there is no reason to believe that it has shrunk below that figure, especially as the three past seasons have been warm, the same as in America.

The whole military force of the island consists of two policemen in Reykjavik, the capital. There are but two lawyers in the island not holding public offices. One is what we would call the State's Attorney, and the other is on hand to defend any person who may be put on trial for crime.

Both are pensioned by the Government, else they could not live. Last summer there were but two men undergoing sentence for crime in Iceland, and they were undergoing a term of imprisonment for breaking into a storehouse and committing a larceny therein.

There is no trial by jury. A man who committed a murder would be transported to Copenhagen for trial—all capital cases being tried there. He will thus be literally "transported beyond seas" for trial, which was one of the grievances for which our fathers went to war with Great Britain and achieved their independence.

A Fire-Lighter.—An invention which is a veritable boon to housekeepers is a "firelighter." This consists of a small iron box filled with asbestos, on which a little paraffine oil is poured and lit. The box, which has a long handle, is inserted between the bars of the grate, in which the coal has been placed loosely to allow the oil to flame freely. In about a quarter of an hour a really good fire is made, and if wood is used it will ignite, of course, in a much shorter time. With a very little care there would really be no need of kindling wood at all with this little invention.

Uninflammable Petroleum.—Numerous processes have figured of late in the patent list whereby it is claimed that petroleum could be rendered inexplosive and also uninflammable. One of these consists in adding to about 40 gallons of petroleum two pounds of copper sulphate and stirring the whole well. After about six hours' standing the oil is ready for use.

Judge Durfey: "You are charged with stealing chickens; do you want a lawyer?"

Mose Snowball: "No, yer Honah."

Judge Durfey: "Why not?"

Mose Snowball: "If it please de Co't, I'd like ter keep dem chickens myse'f, after habbin' all de trubble er gettin' em."

Look to your interest. You can buy Salvation Oil, the great pain-cure, for 25 cents.

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CHARMING! BEAUTIFUL!

Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella

ORIGINAL OWNED BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, N. Y.

In 1492 the life of Columbus became associated with our western world, and one of the events which led to the discovery of the New World is portrayed in this great painting. The original was painted by Vaclar Brozik. It is recognized as the great pictorial history of the signing of the contract between Columbus and Ferdinand and Isabella by which the means were furnished to enable him to discover the New World.

The moment chosen by this artist is the beginning of American History. Ferdinand and Isabella are seen upon the dual throne of Spain. Columbus is in the foreground presenting his claims before the royal power. The contract is upon the table, and Ferdinand with pen in hand is hesitating when Isabella exclaims "I undertake this enterprise for my own crown and pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." There are 30 figures in the picture many of them being portraits and the scene is in the throne chamber.

The rich, gorgeous coloring of the toilets of the assembled court, combined with graceful pose, technical skill and rare imaginative power, make this picture pre-eminently one of the best Art Works yet issued to the public.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

ORIGINAL IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

The original of this picture has been for many years the great attraction in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. It was painted by Vanderlyn and has the same soft mellow tone that time has given to the old masters. It is familiar to all who have visited the Capitol.

In the offing are seen the "Santa Maria," "Pinta," and "Nina." Columbus and his followers are in the foreground clothed with all the splendor of polished armor, purple and gold, while behind this group is seen the Cross borne aloft by chanting monks. On the left of the picture, are seen the natives in their nude simplicity, paying homage to the white men whom they suppose have descended from heaven.

It is most fortunate that this early painting has been carefully preserved by the U. S. Government. There are very few Columbian relics remaining and in the World's Columbian Exposition which is about to be celebrated, the event portrayed in this painting is to be re-enacted on our shores.

The Spanish and United States Governments propose to build a new, "Santa Maria," "Nina" and "Pinta" and sail into the harbor of New York and thence to Chicago by the way of the canals and Great Lakes. They will be fitted out in every particular like their great prototypes four-hundred years ago, and will have on board Spaniards in the costumes exactly copied from those seen in this wonderful Picture.

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Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Quiver" for November is out and its contents continue to show that it is one of the best illustrated magazines for Sunday, and thoroughly good moral reading generally, in the language. Published by Cassell & Co., New York.

A SENSIBLE WOMAN.—She takes a healthy interest in her neighbors, but she is by no means a gossip, still less a scandalmonger. At no time will she be brought into the folly of discussing motives, or judging of things by the seamy side of appearances. And if persistently bored by those who find a pleasure in seeing all things a travers and all people more or less scoundrels, undetected, she does her best to mitigate what she cannot prevent.

She has strong principles, but she is not an active proselytiser. She lets others think for themselves, and, only when called on to testify, raises her own private flag aloft. She knows the difference between constancy and aggression, which, with the courage of her opinions, has also the modesty of reticence.

She treats her servants as, in a certain sense, her friends, her children, while still keeping the reins of home government in her own hands. But they all know that when they do their duty she will reward them, or at least recognize by kind word and hearty acknowledgment that they have done well, and when they neglect it she will rebuke them. She will be neither indifferent on the one side nor remiss on the other; and thus her household always feels and knows that her eyes are open and her heart is warm.

POLITICS.—A matron of twenty years' standing attributes the happiness of her married life to the fact that she encourages little conversation before breakfast. "My husband was a confirmed bachelor when I married him, and he told me afterwards that until he had taken his breakfast coffee he held the most morose and gloomy views of everything. I thought at first this was a little peculiar, but when my attention was thus called to it I discovered that I, too, found life much more agreeable and small burdens much more bearable after I had broken my night's fast. Many wives tell me their most available time to 'talk over things' is during the dressing hour. I always feel like begging them to try some other time. It is a mental exertion to discuss the ways and means of this exacting existence of ours—too great a one, I think, to be indulged in before breakfast."

A RATHER reckless Biddeford, Me., man is said to have devised a scheme for catching trout by the wholesale, which did not work as well as he thought. He thought that a bomb exploded in the brook would bring all the fish in it to the surface, so that he would only have to pick them up. He provided himself with a bomb powerful enough to blast a schooner out of water and went to a local brook in which there were said to be lots of trout. He fixed the fuse, ignited it and threw the bomb into the brook. As he did so his dog jumped in after it, seized it in his mouth, got back to shore, and started after the master; who was legging it across the field as fast as he could in the realization of his danger. The man had the good luck to get over a fence, which bothered the dog, and a moment later, hearing an explosion, he looked around to see his dog going skyward.

WATER SPECTACLES.—Doctor Dudgeon describes an important invention he made some time ago in spectacles. These are called "diving spectacles," but this name does not exactly express their utility, as they may be used without diving. They are spectacles designed for seeing under water while the eye is in contact with the water as in ordinary free diving. The lenses of these spectacles are not glass lenses, but air lenses of sufficient magnifying power when immersed in water to restore the refractive power the eye loses when in contact with water. These lenses in no way affect vision in the air, but only in the water. They show the diver in clear water everything in the water as distinctly as if the objects were in the air and seen with the naked eye. When swimming, if the face merely be immersed below the surface of the water, these spectacles enable the wearer to see with perfect distinctness everything at the bottom of the water or in the water; under similar conditions the naked eye sees nothing distinctly.

FREE If you will send us within the next 30 days a photograph or a tintype of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, we will make you one of our finest $25.00 life-size **CRAYON PORTRAITS absolutely free of charge.** This offer is made to introduce our artistic portraits in your vicinity. Put your name and address back of photo, and send same to **Tanqueray Portrait Society,** 741 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. References: **Rev. T. DeWitt Talmadge,** all newspaper publishers, Banks, and Express Companies of New York and Brooklyn. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to anyone sending us photo, and not receiving crayon picture **Free** as per this offer.

LAST week a sick dog took up his abode in the field behind our house, says a London journal, and, after seeing the poor thing lying there for some time, I took it food and milk-and-water. The next day it was still there, and when I was going out to feed it, I saw that a small pug was running about it, so I took a whip out with me to drive it away. The pug planted itself between me and the sick dog, and barked at me savagely, but at last I drove it away, and again gave food and milk-and-water to my protege. The little pug watched me for a few moments, and as soon as he felt quite assured that my intention toward the sick dog were friendly, it ran to me, wagging its tail, leaped up to my shoulder and licked my face and hands; nor would it touch the water till the invalid had all it wanted. I suppose that it was satisfied that its companion was in good hands, for it trotted happily away, and did not appear upon the scene again.

IN a ship like the Teutonic, to begin with, a sum of about $3,000,000 is invested, and the working expenses are proportionately heavy. In the sailing, engine and passenger departments the large number of 322 hands are required—47 in the first, 161 in the second and 114 in the third. The wages paid to these hands amount to, say, $1500 for the sailing department, $4800 for the engine and $2350 for the passengers, making a total of $8650 per month. When these figures are considered, together with the other expenses of maintenance, office expenses, insurance, agency commission, shore staff, works, port charges, interest on capital and depreciation, it may be fairly taken that at least the sum of $80,000 must be realized per trip before any profits can be counted on; so that some idea of the enormous sums at stake in the working and management of an express transatlantic line can be formed.

YOUNG MR. DOLLEY: "How lovely those fleecy white clouds look lying against that blue sky."

Miss Flypp: "Yes, indeed. They look like delicious ice cream on great blue saucers."

Dolley: "Y-e-s-s-s-r, would you like some cream, Miss Flypp?"

Miss Flypp: "Don't care if I do. How kind of you to suggest it, Mr. Dolley."

GOLD-PLATED china is the really new thing in this especial branch of art and proves how great is the craze for gold in decoration. The gold is applied over exquisitely delicate china and the result is, of course, something brilliant.

William Glass, of Norwalk, Conn., was nearly killed a short time ago by being stung by hornets.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago.

ADVICE TO DYSPEPTICS. CONTENTS: Dyspepsia and its causes. Experience of a sufferer. Liver complaint a twin disorder. Constipation a result of dyspepsia. Food to be taken. Food to be avoided. Mailed free to any address. John H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass., 14 years City Treas.

ACTS LIKE A CHARM. One of JENSEN'S PEPSIN TABLETS will digest a full meal of rich meats, oysters, fish and eggs. Jensen's Tablets are indispensible to all Dyspeptics and to those having weak digestive powers. Flasks of 50 tablets sold by all druggists for 50 cts. Same price by mail. Only one cent a dose. Beware of substitutions. CARL L. JENSEN CO., 409 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

JAPANESE PILE CURE

A cure for Piles, External, Internal, Blind, Bleeding, and Itching, Chronic, Recent, or Hereditary. This remedy has positively never been known to fail. $1 a box, six for $5, by mail. A written guarantee given with six boxes, when purchased at one time, to refund the $5 if not cured. Guarantee issued by FINNERTY, McCLURE & CO., Wholesale and Retail Agents, 106 Market Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

SPEND YOUR VACATION ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Visit picturesque Mackinac Island. It will only cost you about $13 from Detroit or $18 from Cleveland for the round trip, including meals and berths. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are unsurpassed. The island itself is a grand, romantic spot; its climate is most invigorating. Save your money by traveling between Detroit and Cleveland, via the D. & C. Line. Fare, $2 25. This division is equipped with two new steamers, "City of Detroit" and "City of Cleveland," now famous as the largest and most magnificent on fresh water. Leave every night, arriving the following morning at destination, making sure connection with all morning trains. Palace steamers, four trips per week between Detroit, Mackinac, Petoskey, the "Soo" and Marquette. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co., Detroit, Mich.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '05. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,
I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.
I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

FREE We will send you an elegant large subscription 3 months, FREE, if you send 10 cents to have your name and address entered in our DIRECTORY, which goes to over 1000 Publishers, Inventors, etc., who will send you samples of new goods, latest books, newspapers, catalogues, etc. You will get a big mail daily. All at a cost of 10 cts. Address: W. B. BURNETT & CO., Publishers, LYNN, MASS.

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OLD COINS WANTED. Big Prices for Some before 1878. Send stamp for list. We pay postage. WM. WEIN & BRO., Boston, Box 2639, Mass.

ABOUT GIRLS Rare book, 100 pages. Richly Illustrated. Sample, 20c. Globe Book Co., Chicago, Ill.

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Weak Men INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 15 days; never returns. I will send (sealed) FREE to my fellow-sufferers a prescription to enlarge small weak organs. A sure cure for Emissions, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address, with stamp, L. S. Franklin, Music Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

BEATTY PIANOS, ORGANS, $33 up. Want agts. Cat. free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N.J.

Epidemic Cholera and Consumption.

The current (SEPTEMBER) number of THE MEDICAL TRIBUNE,

published in this city under the caption of "Epidemic Cholera," speaking of its appropriate treatment, concludes as follows: "In addition to these remedies I would strongly recommend the early, free, and persistent inhalation of Bi-ozone, as well as the internal use of Peroxide of Hydrogen. Ozone, if introduced into the system, will destroy these germs, whether in the lungs or in the stomach, and with an increased oxidation of the blood the circulation is equalized AND COLLAPSE PREVENTED."

The same issue also has the following article from the pen of its editor, an eminent medical writer and practitioner:

"BI-OZONE as a REMEDIAL AGENT."

"Imperfect oxidation always results in the accumulation of effete material which is deposited in various organs and tissues of the body and thus gives rise to a variety of diseases. To correct such defects the profession have long endeavored to find some means by which oxygen could be introduced into the system so as to oxidize these deposits and thus remove the cause of disease.

"At one time chemical agents, rich in oxygen, were freely administered. Again, oxygen gas by inhalation was proposed. In some few instances air-tight rooms were constructed and air forced into them until a pressure of two atmospheres was secured. Patients were then placed in these rooms for a specified time with the view of obtaining an increased supply of oxygen by inhaling this compressed air. None of these methods, however, have proved satisfactory and imperfect oxidation of the blood has been one of the great difficulties with which medical men have had to contend.

"Various preparations of peroxide of hydrogen have been introduced to the profession, and all of them have been valuable acquisitions to the therapeutic art; but it has remained for Mr. N. Helmer to give us his bi-ozone treatment, which makes it possible for the patient to inhale ozone directly into the lungs as often as it may be necessary to do so. His method is a simple one, and from our personal experience we believe it the most efficacious that has yet been devised. He supplies a superior peroxide of hydrogen, a quantity of which is heated with water, and to this is added another chemical agent which sets the oxygen free for immediate inhalation. The chemical action which thus takes place sets free a gas which the usual tests prove to be ozone.

"The inhalation of this ozone serves a valuable purpose in oxidising the blood, as it is carried directly into the lungs, and from thence to the red blood corpuscles. It is also claimed that the internal use of this peroxide of hydrogen is followed by the setting free of the ozone in the stomach and its absorption by the blood vessels.

"Our attention was first called to the Bi-ozone treatment some months ago, and we gave it a thorough test in the case of our cook, who has been for some time suffering from phthisis. There was a deposit in the upper part of both lungs, her cough was persistent, and for over two months she had profuse night sweats. She had become so weak that she could not go up one flight of stairs without stopping to rest on the way. We commenced giving her the Bi-ozone treatment, and within a month's time her cough had materially diminished, the night sweats had entirely disappeared, and she had so far recovered her strength as to be able to attend to her usual duties and go up three flights of stairs without shortness of breath or fatigue. In addition to the inhalation she took thirty drops of the peroxide of hydrogen by the stomach an hour after each meal. She continued this treatment for about four months, at which time she was apparently well. At the present writing, which is seven months after the beginning of the treatment, she has no cough, her appetite and strength are both normal, and the deposit in the right lung has entirely disappeared, while there is only a very slight dulness at the apex of the left lung.

Whether we accept the theory that consumption is due to the presence of bacilli in the lungs, or that of deposits of tubercular matter, the success of the treatment can be accounted for on rational grounds. The ozone or allotropic oxygen, when taken directly into the lungs by inhalation, destroys the bacilli, thus curing the disease, and also oxidizes the tubercular matter and thus causes its elimination.

"We are experimenting in other directions, and believe that in the Bi-ozone we have a remedy that will prove a valuable agent in the treatment of all conditions in which there is a deficient oxidation or imperfect nutrition."

Helmer's Bi-Ozone Cure

N. HELMER, Chemist, 822 Broadway, Southeast Corner 12th Street, New York City.

BROOKLYN OFFICE: Dr. S. SILSBEE, N. W. cor 5th Avenue and 17th Street.

BRIDGEPORT OFFICE: Dr. H. M. DICKINSON, 139 Fairfield Avenue.

Dr. W. W. CLARK, Sole Agent for Ohio, 516 Franklin avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

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WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Fairhaven, Washington.

Humorous.

PROFITABLE PLANTING.

Ol've planted praties be the molle
In Oirish and in Yankee soil,
And worked wid hope the earnin'
W'u'd be for ivery wan a schore,
But naythor mayson was there more
Than two-fold crop returnin'.

But whin, on certain coortin' thrips;
Ol'd plant a kiss on Judy's lips
(Afeard at first Ol'd blundthered),
Bedad, so rich the plantin' ground,
Be shwate axpayrience I found
Each kiss'd bring a hun'thered.

—U. N. Nonn.

The Seidlitz Powder.

I.

II.

III.

"Did the barber cut you?" "No; but it was a pretty close shave."

"May I kiss you just once?" he asked. "No," she replied. "How many times?" he asked, unabashed.

Little girl: "Why do the flies bite so to-day?" Mother: "It's going to rain." "Well, they might know 'tain't my fault."

Blobbs: "What was the most attractive feature of Miss Million's wedding?" Wigwag: "Oh, the guests. They simply took the cake."

"In what part of the body does the vein of humor lie?" "It starts from the funny-bone, skirts the humerus, and discharges in the jest."

Teacher: "Supposing you had discovered America, instead of Columbus, what would you have done?" Chicago boy: "Opened a real estate office."

Wife: "Why Henry, dear, your beard is awfully long to go to the opera!" Husband: "Well, darling, you know I haven't been shaved since you went up-stairs to dress."

Dukane: "I don't think railroads ought to hire astronomical engineers." Gaswell: "What on earth are astronomical engineers?" "Those who telescope their trains."

Brown: "I believe that Smith's baby will grow up to be a pugilist." Jones: "Why; has it a remarkably large arm and fist?" Brown: "No; but it has a remarkably large mouth."

"I've got a great idea," said a reader of current humor. "I'm going to write something and call it a poem. Then I'll take it to an editor." "He'll fire you down stairs." "That's just it. Then I'll get a verdict for damages."

"I don't know whether there is anything in the theory that the human race was once quadrupedal or not," mused Mr. Nupop, "but I am very glad that it is not the case now. Just fancy a man having to keep a four-footed baby in shoes!"

A Swiss paper contains the following advertisement: "Wierbach, in the Bernese Oberland, is the favorite resort of all persons in search of solitude. Hence this peaceful hamlet is frequented by a crowd of visitors from all parts of the world."

Mother, sitting down just as the train starts: "Oh, would you mind changing seats with me, sir? My baby wants to look out of the window." Mr. Haven Hartford, with sarcastic politeness: "With pleasure, madam. I have been saving this seat for him for half an hour."

Kind lady: "I thought I saw you just now getting something to eat next door." Tramp: "No, madam. I asked for something to eat, but the woman who came to the door had on such a homely dress that I turned away in disgust." Kind lady: "Come in. What'll you have?"

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

A curious use is made of plaids this fall. They are made up as waists, as puffs to sleeves and as insets in almost every conceivable manner. One odd fancy is to have a blouse waist made of plaid, with bias belt and a puff of bias plaid around the bottom of the plain skirt. These are for young people, as such a style would be very much out of place upon an old and staid person. The plaids are tartan, and being bright they should be used with a solid and rather somber color—even black is quite suitable.

FOR FOURTEEN AND EIGHTEEN.

The tartan velvets will be often employed to brighten up old silks and woolen gowns, and in that way fill a useful place which they could hardly gain by their beauty alone.

I noticed a pretty dress for a young miss of about fourteen that was of wood brown camel's hair, with gamp, belt and upper sleeves of mahogany brown velvet, bordered with narrow bias bands of tartan velvet, in which bright red and green predominated. The dress was exceedingly pretty and girlish.

It is very easy to say that this or that will be the favorite fashion in dress goods or in hats, or in any other of the garments that make feminility so attractive, but it would be very misleading, for the fact is that everything is fashionable that is on the market, and each different thing will be a favorite with people who like that sort of thing. The choice is varied enough to suit everybody's taste and pocket.

I was looking at some silks. There I saw some rich and heavy fabrics that recalled the fairy tales of "silks that would stand alone," and they are superb indeed. Such heavy fabrics are intended for handsome evening dresses and the background is usually dark with large flowers in natural colors brocaded upon them. I noticed one where the background was a rich dark poult de Soie with great bunches of lilacs and their leaves scattered carelessly over the surface. They looked as if freshly cut and dropped there. On some of the shining green leaves were drops of dew cunningly simulated in white silk. Other patterns had a ground black or dark gray with clusters of roses or jasmines and one soft mossy green had handfuls of pink azaleas. Another had plumes of pampas grass silvery white on a heliotrope ground.

Then there are silks moire with pretty little figures or dots thrown all over the surface, and there are silks where the body is iridescent, with plain brocade dots or other pretty fancy apparently scattered over it all. There are reps and plain bengalines and no end of failles, and an unlimited amount of gros grains and lighter silks; so many that one is almost bewildered by their variety and beauty, and they are so cheap "to what used to be."

Velvet gowns will also have a place this fall for street, for visiting and for carriage, but they should be black, very dark blue, prune green or stone gray, and fur trimmed or having a very little handsome beaded trimming. The Russian jacket to the waist belongs by right, and a hat to match should be worn with it.

The richest of all of the popular new wool goods is the biarritz cloth. This looks like heavy silk with all its gloss and bloom, but it is so soft that you can crush a yard of it in one hand, and it is durable and never grows shiny, which is a great benefit, as the most of the dead fine wools are apt to take on a gloss with wear.

The biarritz will be largely employed in making up the quaint long cloaks as well as dresses. I saw one of the new empire cloaks. The yoke is plain and bordered with fur trimming. The cloak closes in the back under two rows of fur trimming, which presupposes that the pretty wearer has some one to button it up for her. The sleeves are made of velvet, with a deep fall and puff bordered with fur. It is stitched twice at the bottom.

We talk of colors and see plenty of them, but after all the handsomest and most elegant dresses are the black ones. No lady looks as well in anything else. There is a variety of black goods this season that surpass any I have ever seen before. There are worsted brocades, where the figure is of mohair thrown up on fine Australian wool, and though both textiles are of exactly the same shade the difference in the wools makes it appear to be in three or four shades of gray and black.

Just as we began to get used to the luxurious frou-frou of the silken petticoat we are told that they are no longer the highest style, and that now, while each nice dress is to be lined with glace silk as before, white muslin petticoats, with lots of soft little ruffles, will be the newest. The foundation will be of lawn, with little mill ruffles set above each other, and two at the edge of the lawn skirt. The mill ruffles will never be starched, but be left soft and fluffy to remind one of the daintiness of the stage skirt, which derives its chief charm from those very ruffles that flutter like a branch full of white butterflies. Anyhow, as the "saleslady" told me, "them's pretty."

Odds and Ends.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS OF INTEREST.

Headache.—Coarse brown-paper soaked in vinegar and placed on the forehead is good for a sick headache. If the eyelids are gently bathed in cool water the pain in the head is generally allayed.

Burns.—Baking soda is one of the best known remedies for burns and scalds. It should be immediately applied either wet or dry. It almost instantly relieves the burning sensation and helps to heal.

Glycerine.—When putting glycerine on chopped hands, first wash them thoroughly in soap and water, and when not quite dry rub in the glycerine. This process will be found much better than the old one.

Bare Feet.—On rising in the morning always put on the shoes and stockings the first thing. Never walk about in the bare feet, or stand on oil-cloth. Even in summer time this is a dangerous and unhealthy practice.

Bread Sauce for a Roast Fowl.—Chop a small onion fine, and boil it in a pint of milk for five minutes; then add about ten ounces of breadcrumbs, a bit of butter pepper and salt to season; stir the whole on the fire for ten minutes. Do not let it boil.

Croup.—One of the best cures for croup, and one which is always at hand, is to dip strips of flannel in hot water and then bind, tightly about the throat. Remove as soon as cold and apply others. A cold in the chest can also be cured by wetting several thicknesses of flannel in hot water and laying it upon the chest.

Drink for a Child.—One of the best and most strengthening drinks, as well as a pleasant one, to give a delicate child, is made by beating up an egg in a tumbler with a little sugar until it froths, then fill it with rich milk, and have the child drink it at once. The nourishment in the egg and milk combined will sustain the system all day if nothing else is taken.

Soda Cakes.—One pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of currants, half a pound of butter, half a nutmeg, half a pint of milk, three eggs beaten separately, and one teaspoonful of soda.

Steaks from Cold Roast Pork.—Cut some slices from the leg, and season them with cayenne-pepper, salt, and pulverised sage. Broil them, and when thoroughly hot, baste them with butter. They should be served with apple or cranberry sauce.

Breaded Chickens.—Prepare the chickens as for boiling. Take a little breadcrumb, and mix with it parsley chopped fine, pepper, and salt. Half broil the chickens, dip or baste them in melted butter, and then in the breadcrumb, turning constantly.

Gingerbread Nuts.—One pound of treacle, one pound of butter, one pound of sugar. Dissolve all these till boiling hot, then pour them hot on two and a half pounds of flour, mixed with two and a half ounces of candied peel, cut thin, half an ounce of ginger, the rind of one lemon and a little spice. Bake in a slow oven, and keep in a tin closely shut.

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.
IN EFFECT SEPTEMBER 21, 1892.
DEPOT NINTH AND GREEN STREETS.

Williamsport Fast Day Line—8.35 a m week-days.
Buffalo Day Express—9.00 a m daily.
New England Day Express—10.10 a m week-days.
Easton Flyer—3.45 p m week-days.
New England Night Express—4.45 p m (24th and Chestnuts sts., 6.20 p m) daily.
Buffalo Night Line—8.30 p m daily.
Williamsport Night Express—11.30 p m daily.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Day Express (Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars) leaves Ninth and Green streets at 10.00 a m week-days and New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS AND CHICAGO, 9.00 a m and 8.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars, and the 8.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo. FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.45, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.00, 3.45, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m. Sundays, 6.30, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 8.35 a m.

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Williamsport and Colebrookdale Branch.

9.00 a m for Reading and way points.

11.02 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.

4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.

11.30 p m daily. Sleeping car line to Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.

SUNDAYS—9.00 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

3.40 p m—Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.

11.30 p m—Sleeping Car Lines. Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE.

Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets—4.00, 8.20, 9.20, 11.45 a m, 12.57 dining car, 3.30, 6.25, 8.18 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 4.00, 9.35, 11.15 a m, 12.57 (dining car), 3.30, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car) p m.

Leave Ninth and Green streets—7.30 (Pioneer two-hour fast line), 8.20, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.15, 8.45 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.20, 3.35, 5.45, 8.25, 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, 5.30, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.32 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.00 a m, 12.40, 3.10, 5.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.50 a m, 12.45, 3.15, 8.03, 8 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night train to and from New York.

DEPOT THIRTEENTH AND CALLOWHILL STREETS.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.

7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.

9 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.

12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.

4.20 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.

4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

5.20 p m for Reading and Pottsville.

8 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg and Gettysburg.

8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.

8.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.

5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves. Week-days—Express 3.00 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.15 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8 a m, 5.45 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.20, 11.30 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Clementon, 6.00, 8.00, 8.20, 11.30 a m, 3.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 1.45, 4.30 p m.

Blackwood and Glendoch, 6.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 6.30, 9 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Lakewood, Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8 a m, 4 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 109 South Third street, and 1840 South Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

Reading Railroad Transfer and Cab Service. Passengers and baggage promptly conveyed.

Philadelphia Telephone, No. 1862.

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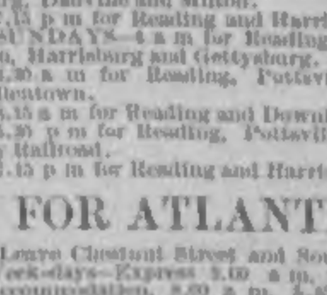
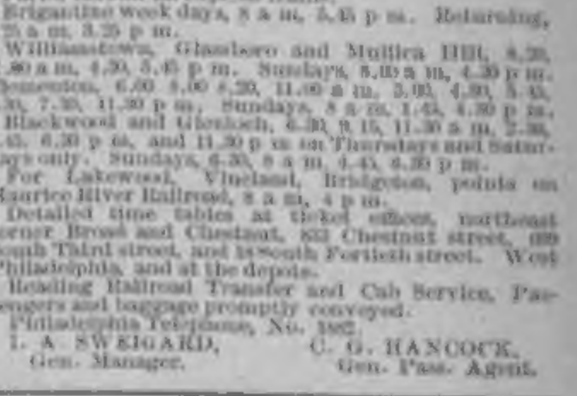
WANTED—Salesmen; who can easily make $25 to $75 per week, selling the Celebrated Finless Clothes Line or the Famous Fountain Ink Eraser; patents recently issued. Sold ONLY by salesmen to whom we give EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY. The Finless Clothes Line is the only line ever invented that holds clothes without pins—a perfect success. The Fountain Ink Eraser is entirely new, will erase ink instantly, and is king of all. On receipt of 25c. will mail sample of either, or sample of both for 40c. with circulars, price-lists and terms. Secure your territory at once. THE FINLESS CLOTHES LINE CO., 221 Harrison Street, Worcester, Mass.



$5 to $15 per day, at home, selling LIGHTNING PLATER and plating jewelry, watches, tableware, &c. Finish like finest of jewelry gold as new, on all kinds of metal with gold, silver or nickel. No experience. No capital. Every house has goods to plate. Plating plating. Wholesale to agents 25. Write for circulars. H. E. DELNO & Co., Columbus, O.



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